

# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 19 Aug. 1959





**Collectors' guide  
to 'Choicest' tea-ware**

# Coalport

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

THE Coalport (or Coalbrookdale) factory founded in about 1796 by John Rose, for some years manufactured porcelain similar to that of Worcester but poorer in quality. Rose had taken over the Caughley factory famous for blue-and-white wares, including the familiar "Willow" pattern tea-sets. But in 1820 Billingsley (following the failure of his own factory at Nantgarw) joined Coalport, and its wares show a marked improvement in quality after that date.

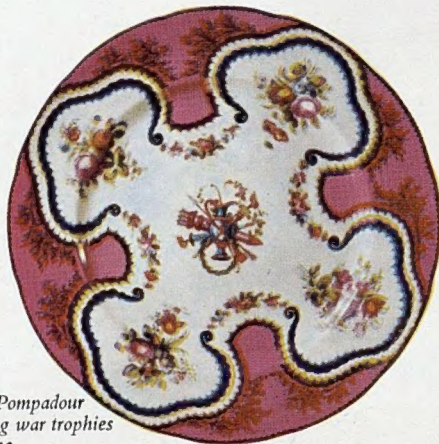
Until 1850 Coalport tea-ware was rich and highly elaborate in decoration, bright flower-painting (particularly of roses) with modelled and applied decoration, being typical. In the same period the factory quietly specialised in skilful fakes of Sèvres, Dresden, and Chelsea, many of which continue to circulate as authentic examples. In the latter half of the last century less ornate tea-ware was produced, but Coalport remained addicted to rich decoration, green and rose coloured grounds being particular specialties.

The last of the Roses (whose name is florally perpetuated on so many Coalport items) retired from the business in 1862, since when the factory has changed owners several times. In 1926 it was moved to Staffordshire, and Coalport ware continues to be made in traditional styles in Stoke-on-Trent.

**NOTE TO COLLECTORS:** Assiduous searching will still bring to light many fine examples of early Coalport tea-ware. In the matter of tea itself, however, it is pleasant to note that Brooke Bond 'Choicest'—that fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas—is both easily available, and at 2/- a quarter, undoubtedly the best value in tea today.



This porcelain teapot, from a set of three pieces in the Victoria and Albert Museum, illustrates the amusing but rather exaggerated rococo taste of the period. C.1830.



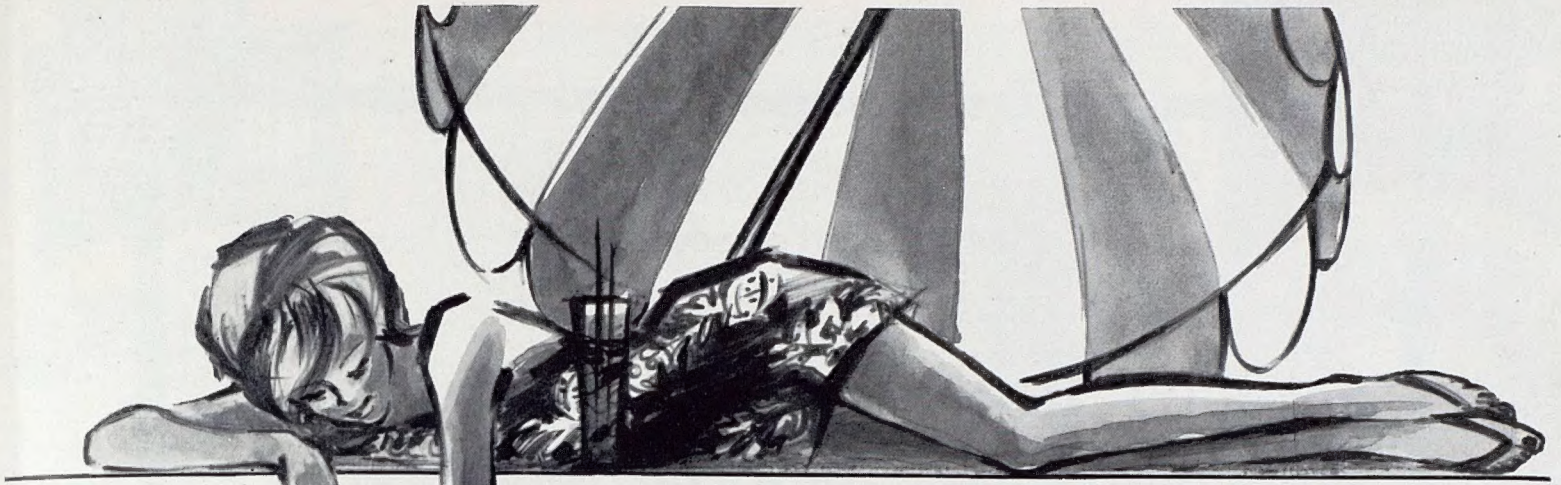
Presentation plate with rich gilding over Rose Pompadour ground. Centre depicting war trophies on white ground. C.1850. From the Victoria and Albert Museum.



Rich bleu-de Roi ground, intricate gilding and exotic birds exemplify the close reproduction of Chelsea and (earlier) Sèvres styles. C.1850. From the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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← Dghajsa

← "Ta' Pinu" church

← Carozzin

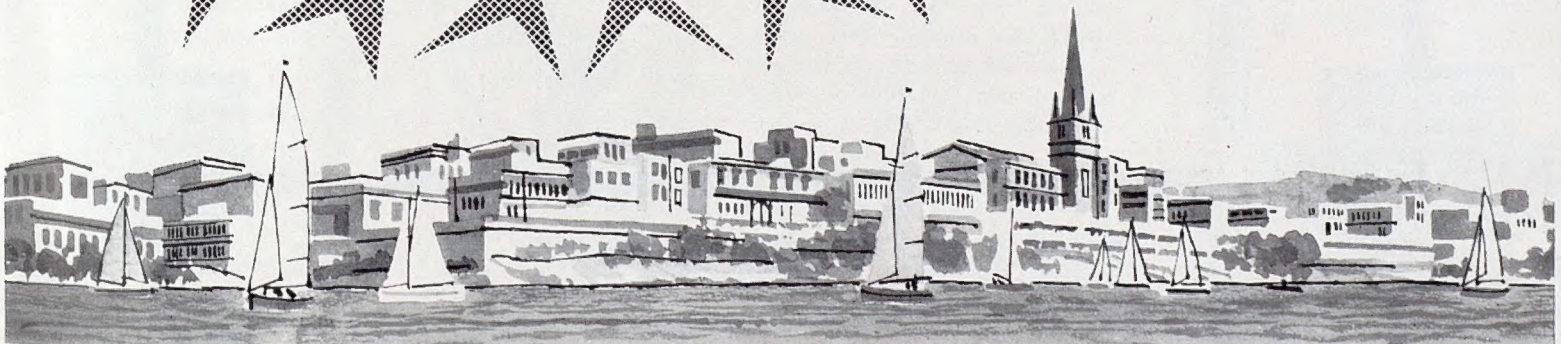
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## *Contents of The Sphere's Canada Number include:*

Special cover design in full colour incorporating a portrait photograph of H.M. The Queen.

A two-page decorative treatment of maps showing the route of the Royal Tour; and the St. Lawrence Seaway.

An article written by John Connell on the world-importance of Canada.

The Sphere's Industrial Correspondent contributes an article on trade between Canada and Gt. Britain in addition to an illustrated article on the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Many pages of "actuality" photographs of the opening ceremony at the St. Lawrence Seaway.



*Demand for The Sphere's Canada Number of August 22 will be heavy and you are advised to order your copy TO-DAY from your newsagent, price 2s. 6d., or direct from: The Publisher, The Sphere, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2, price 2s. 10d. including postage.*



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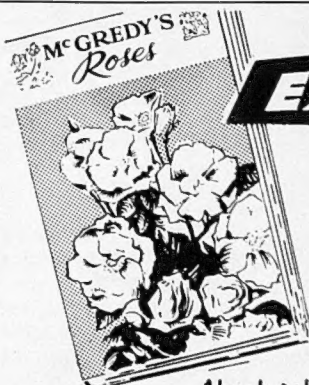
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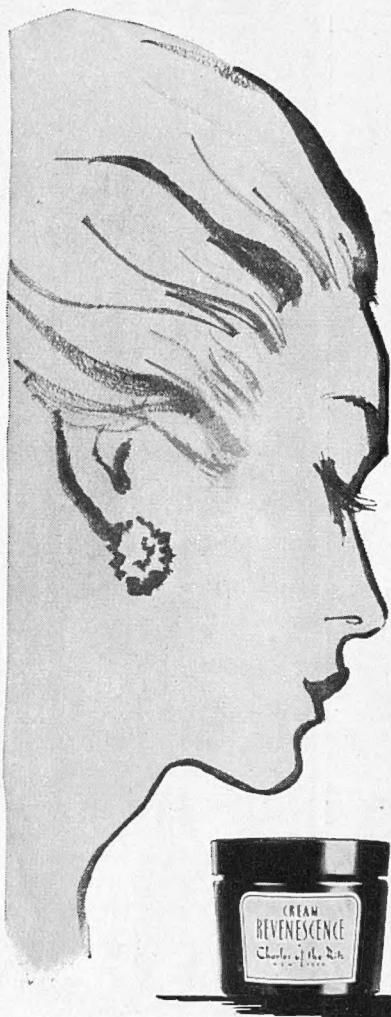
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& BYSTANDER WEEKLY

19 AUGUST 1959  
Vol. CCXXXIII  
No. 3025

COVER FEATURE: The London Collections. See page 31.  
Cover photographed by Michel Molinare

NEXT WEEK: The TATLER goes North . . . *Robin Douglas-Home* describes the Border Country, *Michel Molinare* photographs the fashions in woollen wear that constitute the district's most famous export. . . . Also: *Roger Hill* portrays Edinburgh, Britain's second capital. . . . *Muriel Bowen* reports from Monte Carlo

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## GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

### OUT OF DOORS

**County Cricket Weeks:** Bath, Worthing, Clacton-on-Sea (to 25th). County Cricket Festival, Southport, 22-30 August.

**Cricket.** Fifth Test Match, England v. India, The Oval. 20, 21, 22, 24, 25 August.

**Golf:** England v. Scotland, Wollaton Park, Nottingham, 25 August.

**Ponies of Britain Club,** annual summer show, Ascot racecourse. 21, 22 August.

**Sea Angling Festival,** Teignmouth & Shaldon, 22 August. (To 13 Sept.)

**Grasmere Sports,** Westmorland, 20 August.

**Decathlon & Women's Pentathlon,** G.B. v. Holland & Belgium. Hurlingham, 21, 22 August.

**Yachting.** Torbay Fortnight (to 29 August), Poole Week, 24-29 August. National Firefly Championship, Plymouth, 24-28 August.

**Edinburgh Horse Show,** Stenhouse Stadium, 29 August (for the King George V Fund for Sailors).

### MUSICAL

**Covent Garden.** The Royal Ballet. *Le Lac Des Cygnes* with Beriosova (20 August), *Linden* (22 August, matinée), and *Nerina* (22 August, evening). *Blood Wedding* (first time at Covent Garden), 24 August.

**Henry Wood Promenade Concerts,** Royal Albert Hall. To 19 September. (KEN 8212.)

**Royal Festival Hall.** Festival

Ballet, 8 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Weds. & Sats.). (WAT 3194.)

**"The Land Of Smiles,"** London Coliseum (Sadler's Wells company). 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Sats.). (TEM 3161.) To 29 August.

**English Cathedral Music Festival,** Edington Church, Wilts, 25-28 August.

**Hallé Festival,** Harrogate. To 22 August.

### ART

**"The Romantic Movement,"** Tate Gallery, Millbank, & Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sundays, 2-6 p.m. Admission, 2s. 6d. Tate, 1s. Arts Council.

**Modern silver exhibition,** arranged by the Goldsmiths' Company, Stoneleigh Abbey, near Warwick. 2.30-5.30 p.m. (including Sundays). To 21 September.

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition,** Burlington House. To 16 August.

**Chinese paintings** acquired since 1950, & **Japanese painted doors** from the Shugakin Palace, Kyoto. British Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m.

**Dr. Wall Worcester Porcelain** (1751-1783). Worcester House, Curzon Street. To 29 August. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (not Sundays).

**"Two Centuries of British Shipping,"** Commonwealth Institute, South  
continued on page 6





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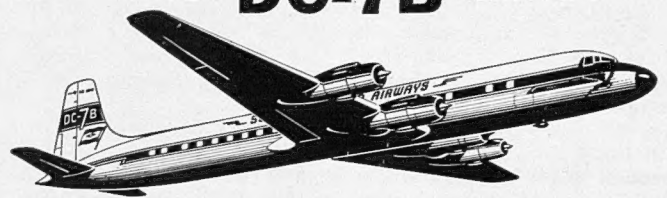
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## GOING PLACES

continued from page 4

Kensington. Daily 10 a.m.-4.30 p.m., Sundays 2.30-6 p.m. To 27 September.

**18th-century Portrait Busts**, Kenwood House, Hampstead. Week-days, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

**Big Ben Centenary Exhibition**, Westminster Jewel Tower (opposite Houses of Parliament). All the summer.

**Wedgwood Bicentenary Exhibition**, Victoria & Albert Museum. Week-days 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 a.m.-6 p.m. To 30 August.

**Ceremonial Robes & Mantles Exhibition**, Arundel Castle, Sussex. To 25 September.

## FAIRS & FESTIVALS

**Edinburgh Festival**, 23 August-12 September.

**Regency Exhibition**, Royal Pavilion, Brighton. To 27 September.

**Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen Exhibition**, Painswick, Glos. To 22 August.

**Shrewsbury Musical & Floral Fete**, today and 20 August.

**Floodlit Tattoo**, Isle of Man. 25-26 August.

**Oulton Carnival Week**, Suffolk, 24-29 August.

**Kensington Antiques Fair**, Kensington Town Hall. 27 August-10 September.

**Radio & TV Exhibition**, Earl's Court. 26 August-5 September.

## FIRST NIGHT

**Arts Theatre. Quartet For Five.** Tonight.

## OPEN AIR PLAYS

**Regent's Park Open Air Theatre.** The Bankside Players in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. 7.30 p.m. (& Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 2.30 p.m.). (HUN 0925.)

**The George Inn, Southwark.** Shakespeare performance, 22 August.

**Pendley Manor, Tring. Henry VIII & The Merchant of Venice.** 29 August-6 September.

## FASHION SHOW

**Adam House, Edinburgh.** Fashion show by Ronald Paterson in aid of the Marie Curie Foundation, 3 p.m. & 7 p.m. 24 August. (Tickets, the Marchioness of Lothian, 21 Rutland St., Edinburgh, 1.)

## PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see "Verdicts," p. 40.

**West Side Story.** "... high dramatic moments ... tragic pathos ... music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)

**Lock Up Your Daughters.** "... presented in a way that wins the audience ... the lyrics are spirited, the music charmingly gay, the playing of the company

attractive." Hy Hazell, Stephanie Voss, Richard Wordsworth. (Mermaid Theatre, CRT 7656.)

**Roar Like A Dove.** "Miss Storm ... writes a great many amusing lines ... spoken by a company who know how to make them tell for all that they are worth." Faith Brook, Patrick Barr, Renee Houston. (Phoenix Theatre, TEM 8611.)

**Five Finger Exercise.** "Acted with virtuosity ... we know exactly where we are ... sensitive and civilized." Roland Culver, Adrianne Allen. (Comedy Theatre, WHI 2578.)

## FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see p. 41.

G.R. = General Release

**The Sleeping Beauty.** "Two dear and beautifully brought up little boys ... who saw the film with me sat back panting with pleasure at the end of it ... their considered opinion ... "Super." (Astoria, GER 5385.)

**A Hole In The Head.** "... a human comedy directed with charm and humour by Mr. Frank Capra." Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, Carolyn Jones, Thelma Ritter. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

**Tempest.** "... distinctly on the stupendous side ... magnificently produced and directed. On the score of action this film can scarcely be faulted." G.R.

**The Diary of Anne Frank.** "... handles its subject reverently

... moments of terror. ... Mr. Joseph Schildkraut gives an admirable performance." G.R.



## ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

## AN EVENING'S DRIVE

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**The Maltravers**, Maltravers Street, Arundel, Sussex. Arundel 2248. Gourmets go out of their way to

continued on page 48

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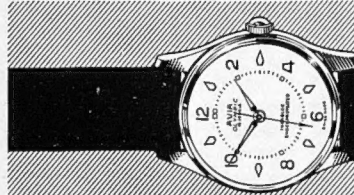
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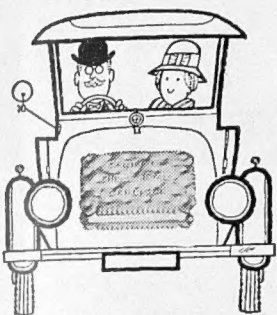
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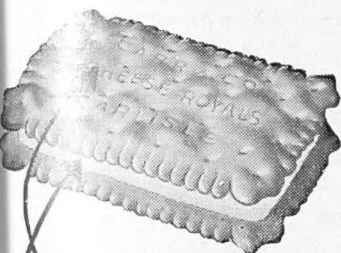


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**Miss Elizabeth M. Leathes to Mr. Noel Collison.** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rodney Leathes, of Lancelot Place, S.W.7. *He* is the son of the late Mr. A. F. Collison, of Epping, and Mrs. H. Hedges, Dorset House, N.W.1



Lenare

**Miss Janet L. Ward to Mr. John R. Cooper.** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. G. Ward, Lyndhurst Drive, Sevenoaks, Kent. *He* is the son of Mrs. O. M. Cooper, of Beckenham, Kent, & the late Mr. S. R. Cooper



**Miss Lorna Lyle to Mr. Timothy Elwes.** *She* is the daughter of the late Capt. Ian Lyle and the Duchess of Bedford, Woburn Abbey, Beds. *He* is the son of Mr. Simon & the Hon. Mrs. Elwes, of Tite Street, Chelsea, S.W.3

## ENGAGEMENTS

## WEDDINGS



**Ducas—Ogilvy:** Miss June Magda Ducas, daughter of Mr. Robert Ducas, of Pawling, New York, & Mrs. Magda Buchel, of Lowndes Square, S.W.1, married the Hon. James Ogilvy, youngest son of the Earl & Countess of Airlie, of Cortachy Castle, Kirriemuir, Angus, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Paul—Douglas-Home:** Miss Sandra Clare Paul, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Saville Paul, of Devon, married Mr. Robin Douglas-Home, elder son of the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, of Greenlaw, Berwicks, & Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, at St. James's, Piccadilly



**Wyndham-Quin—Brooke:** Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, of Kilgobbin, Adare, Co. Limerick, married Major Sir George Brooke, Bt., son of the late Sir Francis Brooke, Bt., and of Lady Brooke, of Pickering Forest, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, at Adare parish church



**Nettlefold—Jackson:** Miss Mary April Nettlefold, daughter of the late Mr. Frederick John Nettlefold, of Chelwood Vachery, Sussex, and Mrs. Albert Coates, married Mr. Gordon Noel Jackson, of Her Majesty's Foreign Service, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. T. H. Jackson, East Langton, Leics, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



**Child—Whitbread:** Miss Mary Cornelia Child, younger daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir Smith Hill Child, Bt., and of Lady Child, of Whitton Hall, Shrewsbury, married Mr. Henry Charles Whitbread, elder son of Col. W. H. Whitbread, of Warren Mere, Thursley, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Whitbread, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

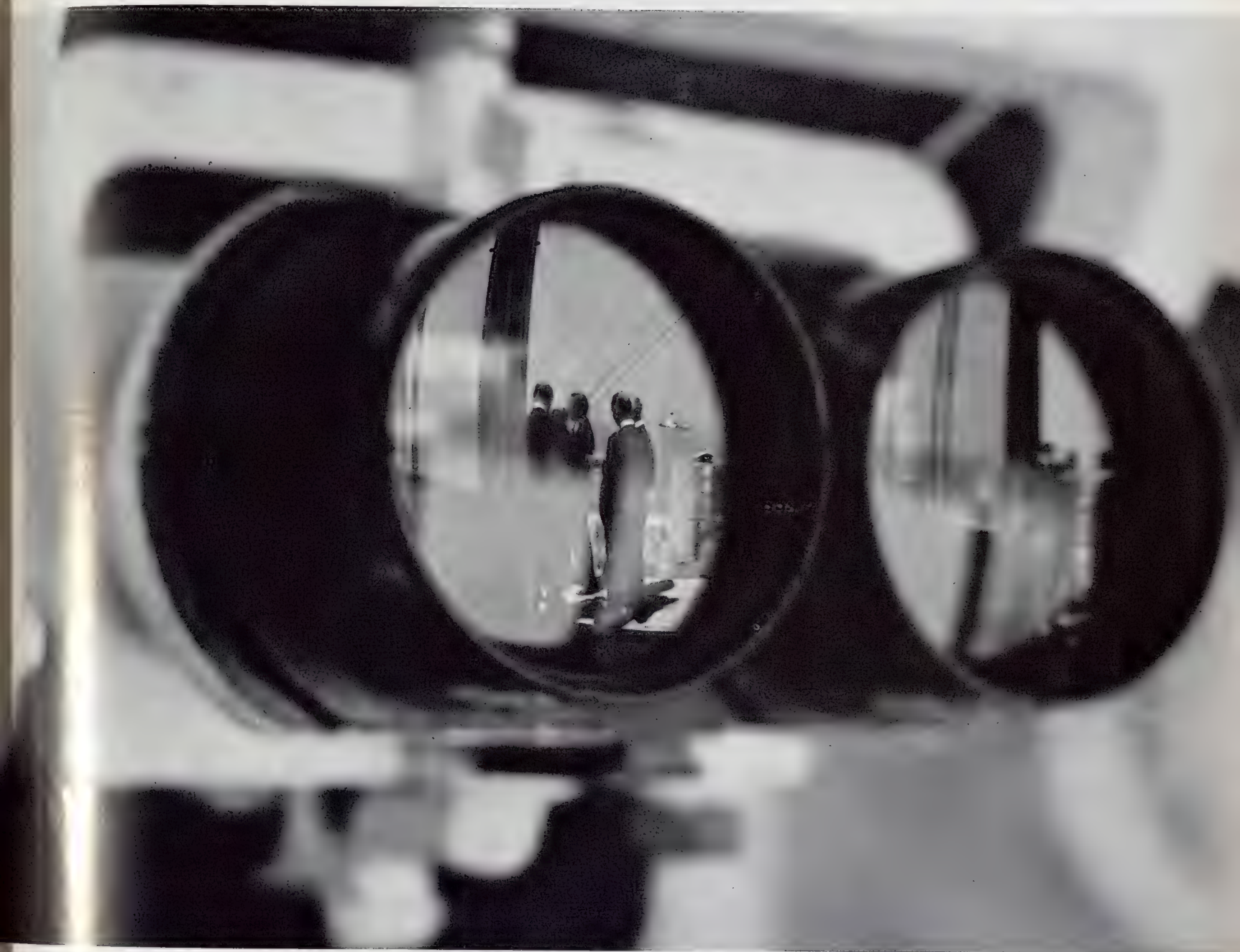


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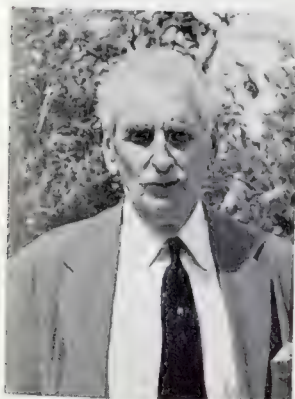


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*Binoculars on the Platform  
reflect members and guests*

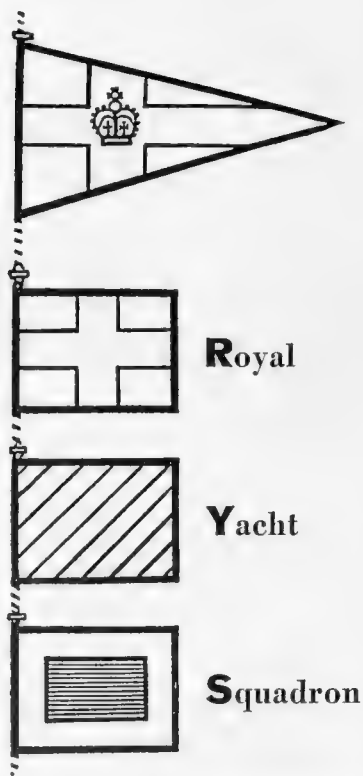


*Sir Ralph Gore, Bt., has been  
the Commodore since 1947*

and comes back with the first pictures  
ever permitted to be taken inside yachting's  
sanctuary, the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle;  
plus Muriel Bowen's report on the social side

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL





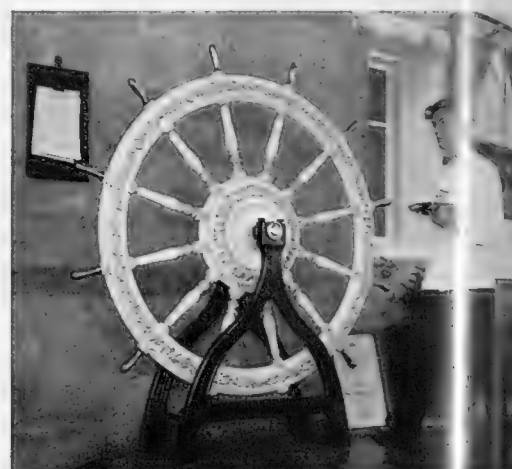
From the battlements of the Castle, R.Y.S. headquarters at Cowes since 1857, the liner United States is seen arriving. The Castle was once a naval fort



Members and guests watch the racing from the Platform. (Membership is limited to 300.) New member is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Heathcoat Amory



The Platform, on the seaward side of the Castle, is out-of-bounds to ladies except for the annual Regatta dance. Note nautical trophies, charts and telescopes



Gold & white painted wheel from the old royal yacht Victoria & Albert is preserved by the Squadron. The Queen is Patron & Prince Philip is Admiral



The Squadron's Messenger, Mr. E. Bilk, pins up a notice. The model is of the America, which in 1851 won the R.Y.S. trophy now known as the America's Cup





Below: Royal anniversaries are saluted by 21 brass cannon fired below the Castle battlements. The centre four are used for starting races from the R.Y.S. line



Racing at Cowes: *Misty Dream* (owned by T. G. Clarke) which came third, *Sea Otter* (owned by H.M.S. Vernon) and *Sea Wraith* (owned by H.M.S. Excellent) in the Morson Cup Race during the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta. This was a handicap race for cruising yachts of 25 ft. R.O.R.C. rating and under 32 ft.

## A crush of small boats

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS ON COWES

**M**ORE BOATS THAN EVER BEFORE. That was the story at Cowes this year. "I don't believe that I've ever seen so many small boats," said bearded Sir Carne Rasch, Bt., a senior member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Sir Carne, 79, has been coming to Cowes for years and when he is at home in Essex he still takes the helm of his *Jorrocks* on the East Coast. With the dragons, the dinghys, and the odd-looking, twin-hulled catamarans (Prince Philip has ordered one in kit form, which he is assembling with Prince Charles at Balmoral) has come the small-boat life. At the Gloster Hotel I found that there was no need for a morning call; I was conveniently woken by the sound of splashing oars on the water. The boat-dwellers were coming ashore for the milk. On the jetty of the Island Sailing Club a quartet of dinghy owners were whipping up some bacon and eggs with the aid of a little pump stove.

Keenest racing this year was in the Dragon Class, and Cowes was full of dragon men. Sir Kenneth Preston, the Olympic dragon captain, was there and so were Major Philip Snowden who is honorary secretary of the Dragon Class and Major Philip Colville (stockbroking cousin of Cmdr.

Colville, the Queen's Press Secretary) who captains the Solent dragon fleet. Best known of the dragons is, of course, *Bluebottle* owned by the Queen and Prince Philip, but she is racing in Canada this year. The Edinburgh Cup went to *Apollyon* sailed by Mr. Bruce Banks of Portsmouth and the Vasco da Gama to *Venture* sailed by Mr. Peter Nicholson, the yacht designer.

### WOMEN GO CREWING

There were a number of women either sailing or crewing—a change from the days when women were tolerated on board only if they could produce massive meals from bean-tin-sized galleys. There was Mrs. Vernon Stratton, daughter of Sir Geoffrey & Lady Lowles who sailed *Tarasque* in the Vasco da Gama Race. Mrs. Douglas Howden-Hume was crewing for her husband, who brought his boat from the Clyde, and Mr. Owen Aisher's daughter, Mrs. Clare Connell, steered Mr. T. E. P. Sopwith's boat *Zephyr* in the Edinburgh Cup.

One afternoon I had tea with the Aisher family at their new house just beyond the Royal Yacht Squadron lawn. Luffs, hal-yards and headsails were discussed over cups of tea and homemade fruit cake. This

*continued overleaf*





Desmond O'Neill

Mr. P. C. Nicholson, skipper of *Venture*, the winning dragon at Cowes. He won the Vasco da Gama Cup against crews from France, Germany and Jamaica, as well as Britain

was to be expected. Mr. Owen Aisher, a Kent industrialist, and Yachtsman of the Year in 1957, had six of his family sailing at Cowes—sons, daughters, and in-laws. His house is a yachtsman's dream—right down to the sail-drying room. And I did enjoy the central heating! "People are amused by our central heating as we only come here in the summer," Mrs. Aisher said. "But the funny thing is that whenever it's cold outside the house is full of visitors."

Not everybody who goes to Cowes, of course, knows their halyards and their spinnakers like the Aishers. There are those who come to watch and to entertain. In Cowes Roads steam and motor yachts, some with bunting that had obviously done yeoman service at previous Cowes Weeks, glowed in the early-morning sunlight. Lord Tredegar was entertaining on his *Henry Morgan*, and Mr. & Mrs. Robert Drummond had their new *Corisande* which they had just sailed from the South of France.

Farther along the line was the Trinity House boat, *Patricia*, the twin yellow-funnelled boat of Mr. Bill Meir, the Commodore of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club; and the Hon. John North's *Hiniesta*, which has been chartered for a month by that great personality of American yachting, Mrs. Edgar Palmer who entertained *Sceptre's* crew so generously last year in the United States. Mrs. Palmer, now 82, has crossed innumerable oceans by sail but this was her first experience of a motor yacht.

There were the parties—the Hon. Max Aitken gave a super one in his sail loft—and the pranks (a "No Parking" sign popped round Cowes Roads on an inflated mattress).

To sum up Cowes 1959 I asked the opinion of an American, Mr. Dick Nye, who sailed his *Carina* from Newfoundland in ten days with the average speed of 198 miles a day. "Cowes is just spiffing," he said.

## WOMEN GO CRUISING

If yachts are fun to look at I think liners are more fun to travel in (fewer seasick pills needed). Just before Cowes, I cruised along the West and South coasts on the P. & O.'s 30,000-ton gleaming white *Arcadia*, skippered by Capt. G. A. Wild. Lots and lots of sun, and from the games deck Torquay, Bournemouth and Poole looked as gay and pretty as those tiny towns that nestle in the folds of the hills along the French riviera. I learnt that not only are more people sailing small boats, but more are going to sea in big ships too.

"One trend that interests us is the big increase in the number of women cruise passengers," said Sir William Currie, chairman of the P. & O., and host for the cruise. "We've got far more of them than ever before—and of course we have far more women stockholders too."

The *Arcadia*, usually on the Australia run, has been newly air-conditioned. It is doing six cruises this summer—one to New York and Bermuda, the rest to the Mediterranean and the Canaries. But despite all her modern improvements, it has not all been progress. Sir William said that 100 years ago, when cruising started, fares were higher—but drinks aboard were free!

## SIR HAROLD'S LANDSCAPES

The international plastic surgeons, the men who have the gift of making plain girls beautiful (though such a thing is not for mentioning in their presence, believe me) flocked to Foyle's Art Gallery to see an exhibition of painting by one of the most famous of their number, Sir Harold Gillie. They were in London for one of those international gatherings and Miss Christina Foyle's idea for the exhibition was a good one, judging by the numbers who turned up.

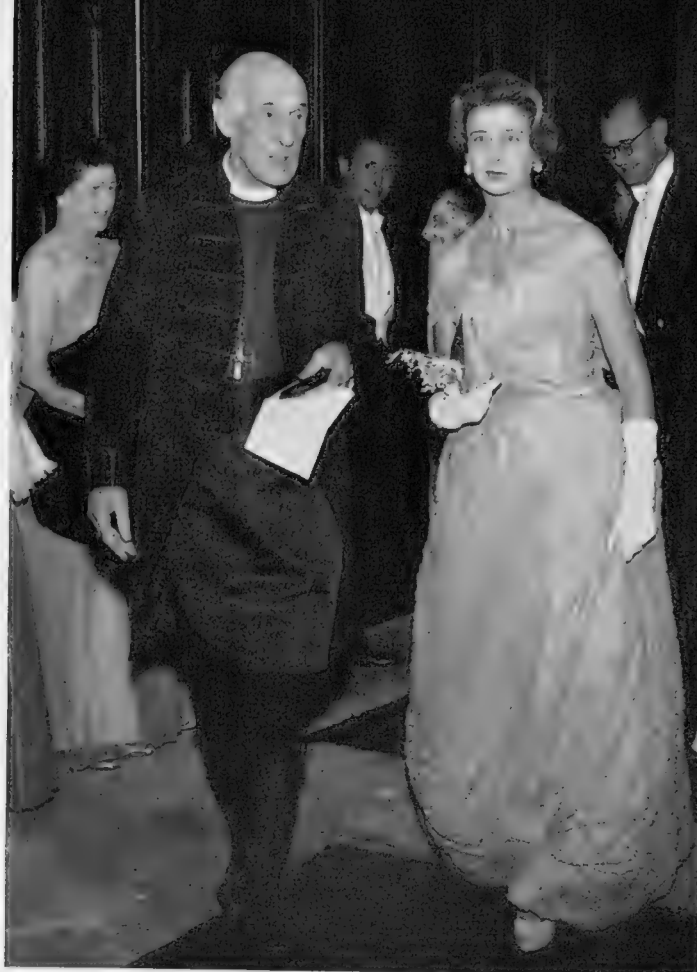
*continued on page 13*

## BRIGGS by Graham





# Gaiters and Girls



THE GIRL: Princess Alexandra, who was guest of honour.  
THE GAITERS: The Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. H. C. Montgomery-Campbell. Fulham Palace is his official residence

Desmond O'Neill



THE GAITERS: The Bishop of Kensington, the Rt. Rev. Cyril Eastaugh

AT FULHAM PALACE, WHERE THIS SUMMER THE FIRST BALL WAS HELD (IN AID OF NEARBY ST. ETHELDREDA'S CHURCH) SINCE THE DAYS OF HENRY VIII



THE GIRL: Miss Tessa Milne. The dancing was held in a marquee, and there were more than 600 guests



THE GIRL: Miss Marcia Kendrew. The song sheet was handed out during the cabaret, when guests were asked to join in old-time songs. Proceeds of the ball also went to the Bishop Creighton House Settlement



THE GIRL: Miss Fiona Sprot. She is to marry the Hon. Michael Spring-Rice at the end of this month





Studio Cole

AT THE GAME FAIR: Man with a peregrine falcon is Mr. Lóránt de Bastyai, a Hungarian member of the British Falconers' Club. The fair was held at Viscount Camrose's estate, Hackwood Park, Basingstoke. See Muriel Bowen's report

## MURIEL BOWEN

*continued from page 14*

Sir Harold is a painter of interesting landscapes that can be readily understood: landscapes that I would like to live with. But one thing puzzled me: the prices. Eight to 25 guineas seemed so cheap. But Sir Harold was adamant. "I've no intention of putting up the prices," he said. "Painting pictures is like breeding dogs—you like to see them go to good homes."

What sort of homes did they find after the exhibition? Mr. G. L. Davies, who is Sir Harold's banker, paid 25 gns. for *Hot Morning, South New Zealand*. "I know the place and I think Sir Harold has done a wonderful job on it," he said. A growth investment? "Why, certainly!"

A lot of the pictures went to Harley Street.

### THE DUNGAREE MINISTER

Letters by rocket—52 minutes, W.1 to Australia. According to Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle, Chief of the Air Staff, this is an around-the-corner development of the air age. He mentioned the idea when he spoke at a dinner given at the Dorchester by Sir Frederick Handley Page to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of his aircraft firm. The difficulty at the moment is not getting the letters into orbit but getting them down in Australia, and not having them pop into Siberia or some other place.

Five decades of air pioneers came to celebrate with the man whom they know as, "H.P." Lord Brabazon of Tara was there,

and too interesting to get away with his remark: "I'm sick of being dragged around to dinners as a sort of exhibit." So too was Mr. Claude Grahame-White, another who flew when planes were kept together by sealing-wax and string.

Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton, much decorated and wearing a monocle, talked about his flight to India—his first. "Mind you I spent a long time on it compared with today. But fortunately I had a couple of good bottles in the baggage. . . ."

What was the best that flying brought them? No doubts for Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore: "It was the time the Admiralty sent me to the Riviera because they wanted to know something about champagne. I stayed a week."

In an evening of good talking, the Air Minister the Hon. George Ward managed to shine: "I was once a Handley Page apprentice at Cricklewood," he said. "... they put me filing little brackets." That was something the others couldn't match.

### HUNTIN', SHOOTIN', &c

I went to the Game Fair at Hackwood Park, Viscountess Camrose's home in Hampshire. "The great thing today," said Sir John Ruggles-Brise, Bt., "is to show the small landowner how he can improve his shoot without the expense of a full-time keeper." Sir John is president of the Country Landowners' Association, which staged the Fair in





## A coming-out party at Lullingstone Castle

unction with a local organizing committee headed by **Capt. R. C. Petre**.

Interest in shooting and fishing, far from waning, is increasing whenever sport can be had for a reasonable outlay of money. The Fair's attendance staggered the organizers: no fewer than 17,000 for the first days.

The **Duke of Gloucester** arrived by helicopter on the opening day and saw something of the Trout Fly-Casting Competition, the King Gundog Tests, and the Falconry which gave the Fair a picturesque link with the royal sport of centuries ago. The **Countess of Northesk** pulled off the individual Clay Shooting competition for ladies, and the **Marchioness Townshend** was in the winning team. Mrs. **J. R. Atkinson's** gundogs got much of the applause in the Gundog Tests.

The Fair ended to the sizzle of roasting venison. **Viscount Camrose** presented three deer for a barbecue in the Park. The conversation over venison sandwiches? Next year's Fair to be held on 15 & 16 July at Castle Howard, Mr. **George Howard's** magnificent estate in Yorkshire.

### PARTIES IN BRIEF

**LADY STODDART-SCOTT**: Nicest present to a woman about to give a party must be an exquisite bunch of flowers. And that was the gift the **Brazilian Ambassador**, Senhor **F. de Assis Chateaubriand**, sent to Lady **Stoddart-Scott** when she gave a reception at

the House of Commons. The party was for her daughter, **Carolyn**, and for friends from Yorkshire, where Col. Sir **Malcolm Stoddart-Scott, M.P.**, is Tory chairman. Carolyn is coming out this year, but she hasn't been to many of the London dances. Her explanation: "I was so long on the Continent finishing, that I'm just thrilled to be back in Yorkshire." Carolyn must be the perfect daughter for a politician.

**LADY BAXTER**: The Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. **George Drew**, proposed the health of **Sir Beverley & Lady Baxter's** daughter **Meribah** when she married **Lieut. Brian Stark, R.N.**, in the crypt of the House of Commons. Afterwards there was a reception on the terrace—a reception noticeable for the large number of tall, handsome, well-to-do, and eligible young men present. Who were they? "The men who wooed the bride—and lost," a lady who knew told me.

**MRS. W. S. MORRISON**: The annual reception which the **Speaker & Mrs. W. S. Morrison** gave in the Speaker's House at the House of Commons was their last. He is to retire at the General Election. Hundreds of guests representative of politics and the professions crowded the fine oak-panelled rooms of the Speaker's House, which overlooks the Thames. The **Archbishop of Canterbury & Mrs. Fisher** were there, Mrs. **Neville Chamberlain**, **Viscount & Viscountess Simonds**, Dr. & Mrs. **J. H. Grove White**, Lady **Keeling**, **Frances Lady Vestey**, and Sir **Victor & Lady Goodman**.

The castle was lent by Sir **Oliver Hart Dyke, Bt.**, when Mrs. **Edward Carswell** and Mrs. **H. Gough-Cooper** gave a dance for their daughters, Miss **Annette Carswell** and Miss **Jennifer Gough-Cooper**. Above: Dancing in the panelled ballroom



The two débutantes for whom the dance was given. Miss **Gough-Cooper** (left) is at a **Tunbridge Wells** finishing school and Miss **Carswell** is modelling



The joint hosts and hostesses, Mr. & Mrs. **Gough-Cooper** (left) and Mr. & Mrs. **Carswell**



# My friend who worked for Intelligence

A story by Steve Tokaruk

**I**KNEW very little about him. We were never introduced. We became aware of each other. He started borrowing my newspapers, then graduated to money. At first it was 5,000 francs, then 10,000, then 50,000, then it levelled off at 100,000. His name was Sarasan. I didn't know whether that was his first name or his surname. His origins were Balkan, his passport British. He spoke several languages fluently, but with accents difficult to label. Regardless of what city I mentioned—New York, Mexico City or Cairo—he would ask if I knew such-and-such a person, bar or night club.

At the time, Sarasan owed me 100,000 francs, and the money was due in two days. I had not seen him for three weeks. The following morning my phone rang at 7.30.

"It is I, Sarasan. I've just returned. I'm at the Gare de Lyon. I must see you—may I come around now?"

I just had time to bathe hurriedly and start the coffee before the door bell rang.

"Good morning. I hope you will forgive me for calling at this hour. I want your advice about something."

"Not at all. Come in. Coffee is almost ready."

This was not the Sarasan I knew. He was dirty and unshaven. He wore a suede jacket, a black shirt and khaki trousers. I brought in the coffee and *croissants* and poured out. He lit a cigarette, then offered me one.

"No thanks," I said. "Too early for me."

"Then, I'll get to the point. Do you know what I do and the purpose of these trips I take?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. You have always been a mystery to me."

"Still, you lend me money?"

"I never lend more than I could afford to lose."

"I work for intelligence." He turned sharply to see my reaction.

"East or West?"

"West, British."

"Don't you consider this sort of information secret?"

"As a rule, yes. However, today I need advice."

I poured more coffee while Sarasan lit another cigarette.

## STOKES JOKES



"I am a sort-of freelance agent. I get paid by the job—that is why I am always running out of money. Three weeks ago my chief sent me to Port de Boue—it's a big tanker port about 35 kilometres west of Marseille."

I sat back and prepared to listen.

"I was to investigate a report that a Greek was collecting funds for EOKA there and trying to build up an organization to smuggle arms to Cyprus. Lots of Greek seamen get there on tankers, and there are big Greek colonies in two neighbouring towns, Foz' and Martigues. Altogether an ideal place for an EOKA man to operate from.

"When I got there I posed as a smuggler from Tangier and pretended that I was trying to recruit a crew. I hoped that anyone trying to set up a smuggling organization would contact me. But weeks went by without any success. I didn't want to return empty-handed. My chief warned me that I had better have some success on this job. My last two had been heavy on expenses, but light on results.

"Then I got a new angle. There was a small Greek Orthodox Church in the port whose priest was a young Greek, fresh from Greece. I went to Mass. I know the drill in these Orthodox churches—you see I was reared in the Orthodox faith. I was an altar boy, if you can believe that."

I could believe it easily. By this time I think I could have believed anything of him.

"So I knew that on entering I must kneel, cross myself three times and pray . . . then kneel on each side of the altar and cross myself again, first on the left and then on the right. I was anointed with sacramental wine and took unleavened bread. You see, I had to be thorough. Then, after the service, I asked the priest for absolution. He spoke no French and I no Greek. We went through it in Rumanian.

"I told him the smuggling story, adding that I had smuggled arms to Morocco for the nationalists, that the French were after me and that I felt guilt about smuggling arms. I asked for his guidance. Being young and naïve, he gave me plenty. He said that smuggling arms to people fighting for independence was just, and he spoke of the Greeks' struggle in Cyprus. I told him I had read about them and had great sympathy for them. He told me I could be useful to EOKA and gave me the name and the way to contact their men here in Paris."

"Well, that's wonderful," I said. "You certainly pulled off a scoop."

"Wonderful? Do you really think it wonderful? Look at this, then. It's yesterday's *Express*. 'FIVE TERRORISTS KILLED, TWO HANGED.' Why is it that every time Britain finds a people that oppose her, she exiles their leaders and brands them thugs, terrorists and bandits? You hang these men like ordinary criminals. They are not that and you know it." He spoke with fervour.

"If your sympathies are with these



people," I said, "why do you work with intelligence?"

"This is the first time the job has clashed with my conscience."

"It is essential that Cyprus remain in British control. We need it as a base to defend our interests in the Middle East."

"Yes, yes, I know all that. I read it in the editorials and all it spells is OIL. What worries me at this moment is this: How can I hurt these Cypriot people when I feel for their plight? But if I don't hand the information over like a good agent I'll be in a mess financially. You have an interest in this because I won't be able to repay you the money I owe you."

"Don't let that influence you. I told you, I never lend more than I could afford to lose. Anyway, I don't know why you ask me for advice and trust me with all this information. I am on the side of law and order when it comes to a thing like this."

"I realize you might well call your friend Whelan at the embassy."

"How do you know that I know Whelan?"

"The same way as I know that last September you exported £50,000 worth of paintings and antiques to America. That's against the law. Your income in Britain last year was about £14,000, yet you declared only £8,500 for taxing. I also know that you're about to do a deal with a man who runs a gallery in the rue du Faubourg Honoré. He will be arrested soon and you should break all contact with him before you become more involved than you are. Don't reply to any of this, I'm not accusing you. I am only telling you what I know, and I am on the side of law and order. May I use your phone?"

"I dialled a number without waiting for a

"Hallo, Granville. Sarasan here. . . . This is my home. . . . No, not the usual place, I am in my dressing room. . . . The Bois will be fine. I'll be there at 9.30."

"He replaced the receiver and glanced at his watch.

"I must dash now," he said. "I haven't much time." Then, as he hurried out: "I'll see you at noon."

"I went to the window and watched him emerge from the building and hail a taxi. He was soon lost in the early-morning traffic of the Quai Voltaire.

"I wondered how all this would end. He certainly knew my business. Did he really feel his conscience? Here was yet another Sarasan—tough, informed and capable of blackmail, perhaps, to get someone to corroborate a story.

"Should I call Whelan? I decided to wait until noon.

Punctually at 12 the phone rang.

"Sarasan here. I want to see you this evening."

"All right. Where and when?"

"Fouquets at 7. Does that suit you?"

"Yes, fine. Fouquets at 7."

When I arrived he was already there.



## The Social Alphabet for "Jolly poor show!"

*"God, what a world, old feller, what!  
My gout's been so infernal bad  
The sawbones made me call a halt.  
The blasted Government's at fault—  
It always is—and, I might add,  
This generation's gone to pot.*

*"They think a ruddy sight too much.  
We never did in our young days—  
We held our tongues, and did our best.  
These angry bounders! I detest  
Their long-haired, jelly-baby ways—  
Jazz, and free orange-juice, and such!*

*"No interest in outdoor games—  
That's where the rot sets in, you know!  
You very wisely save your breath,  
Or am I boring you to death . . . ?  
Good God, the poor old so-and-so!  
Vaughan, bring a coffin for Sir James."*

Francis Kinsman

This was the old Sarasan, well groomed, confident, and smiling.

"What will you have?"

"Scotch, thanks, with soda and ice."

He ordered two doubles.

"I can't stay long," he said. "I'm leaving tonight. Here is the money I owe you." He handed me an envelope.

"Thanks. I'm glad you decided to give your chief the information—by far the wisest thing to do. Where are you going?"

"Monte Carlo."

"Off on a new job? I thought you might stay here and follow up the Greek."

"This is not a new job."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Well I gave my chief a very good story, you see, but it wasn't quite the one I gave you. I told him that the Greek who was collecting funds in Port de Bouc had gone on to Monte Carlo and that he was building a smuggling organization on the Riviera. It sounded pretty satisfactory. My chief said that I'd done a good job. He even allowed me a good expense account and told me to go south immediately and get to the bottom of the whole thing."

He looked at his watch. "So I must go, I have two hours to pack and catch the *Train Bleu*."

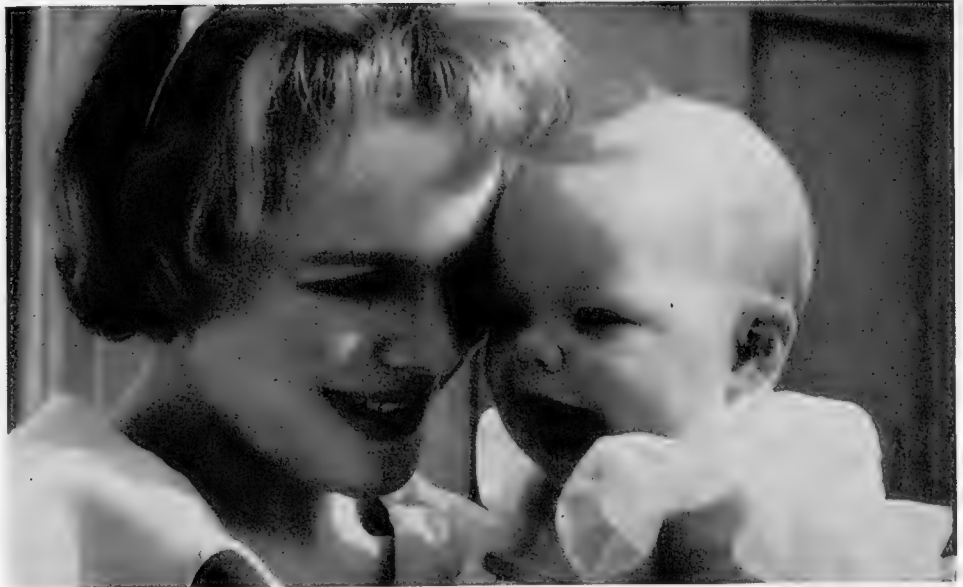
He rose and looked about for a waiter. "Would you pay for the drinks," he said, holding out his hand, "there doesn't appear to be a waiter about. Don't forget what I told you about the man from the gallery. . . ."

He took a few paces, then turned back. "I'll call you when I get back in September. I feel this job will be a tough one. Paris gets so close and sticky in June, it's time to go south. Goodbye." He gave me a slight wink and was gone before I could reply.

I finished my drink and called for the bill. It included three large Scotches that Sarasan had drunk before I arrived. I went out into the Champs-Élysées and walked in the direction of the Rond Point.

"I should, of course, call Whelan." Then I thought of the gallery in the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. Perhaps Sarasan was right. Paris *did* get close and sticky in June. It was indeed time to go south. After all, what did I, an art dealer, know of politics and espionage?





*The Hon. Hugh & the Hon. Mrs. Fraser have a new daughter and a new home. They will move this autumn from Eaton Square, where these pictures were taken, to a house in Campden Hill Square, Kensington. Their newest daughter is Flora (above), born last winter. Their elder child is Rebecca Rose (left), aged two. Mr. Fraser is Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War and sits for the constituency of Stafford & Stone*

## OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES

PHOTOGRAPHS  
MME. YEVONDE







## Twelve years a world leader

*A turbaned servant hovers behind the screen as Nehru and his sister, Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, breakfast together*

India had an anniversary last week and so did Jawaharlal Nehru. It was the nation's Independence Day and it also marked the completion of Mr. Nehru's twelfth year as Prime Minister. In these pictures by **JITENDRA ARYA**, Mr. Nehru is shown beginning a typical day in his New Delhi residence





## Twelve years a world leader

*continued*

*Visitors enter through this white gate, where sentries stand guard. Indian army uniforms survive under the republic, as do the British-built seat of government, New Delhi, and the use of English as the official language (with Hindi)*

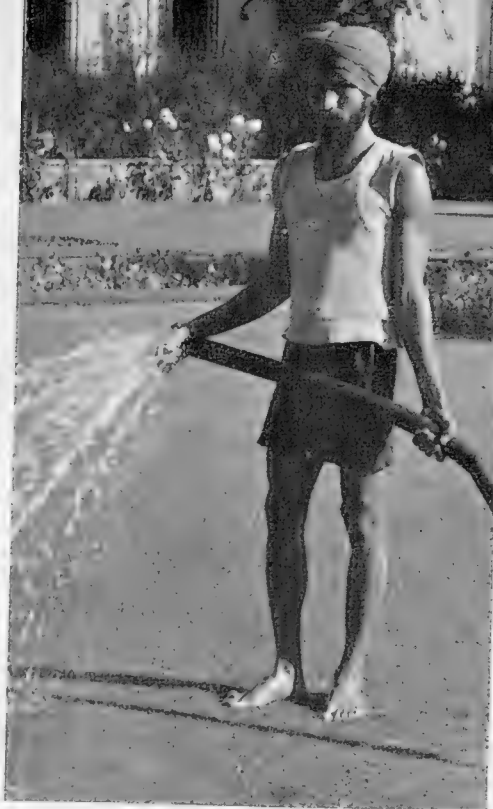


*A sprightly 69, Mr. Nehru takes a turn around the terrace before starting the day's business. His recent problems have ranged from the invasion of neighbouring Tibet to deposing the Red government of Kerala state. Below: Premier Nehru and his dog pause for a snap*





*A servant arranges flowers in the drawing-room. Splendidly uniformed, he is also silent—no shoes*



*Western-style lawns need Western-style watering, but Nehru's gardener gives the sight a local flavour*



*In the land where Gandhi fell to an assassin, a leader needs bodyguards. These Sikhs are Nehru's*

*Nehru receives his first callers. His veranda is furnished with contemporary cane chairs, fashionable in India just now*





The news of the Queen's expected baby

(Dr. Nkrumah was among the first to be told

outside the Royal Family) has thrust

# Ghana

into the headlines. Dr. Nkrumah was

at Balmoral last week to arrange a

new date for the Royal visit to this

country, the unusual fascination of which is

described here by **CLAUDIA WORSTHORNE**

SOME FRIENDS OF MINE HAD JUST MOVED TO ACCRA, and their letters came full of enthusiasm and descriptions of exotic scenes . . . and people. It would be warm there, and I would find plenty of interest to see and do. "Why not come over?" they said. There were, of course, the other voices: "What? Going to the 'White Man's Grave' for your holidays? What an extraordinary idea!" Undeterred, however, I went, saw, and was utterly conquered by the place.

Admittedly Ghana has few of the obvious tourist attractions. There is only one luxury hotel in Accra which, though only recently opened, is already showing signs of having passed its heyday. (I was told, however, that it will be getting a complete facial for the Queen's visit, whenever that may be.) This in Africa is a constant problem, for man proposes but the rigorous climate soon disposes. The rooms there are air-conditioned and the food excellent.

The other hotels are part night-clubs, part a black man's version of Wild West saloons, with intriguing names like *Kalamazoo-Shake-Your-Head*; places for drinking, but also for dancing to very lively bands the native "High-life," a dignified version of rock 'n' roll and exciting both for the spectator and the performer. Most of these places also run other kinds of night-time activities, which would make them most unsuitable for a family holiday.

Nor has Ghana much to offer in the way of ancient monuments. Apart from the old slave-trading forts dotted along the coast, nothing of interest has survived. In a visual sense it is a place without history.

## The people's spell

Its fascination lies entirely in the people. I cannot remember any other six weeks in my life when I have seen so many remarkable people behaving in so many different remarkable ways. Take, for instance, the Accra market,

which is run entirely by gargantuan women with a flair for commerce, colour and racy conversation. There is more money stowed away in their cavernous bosoms—they don't possess stockings—than in the Bank of Ghana. Though they neither read nor write, and keep no accounts, they operate a market system of incredible complexity, ranging from real estate to love potions. I asked my young guide what a love potion would consist of, and wreathed in smiles he said: "You, Missie, not like it: perhaps dead lizard with blood of live frog, perhaps hairs of dead old man, perhaps. . . ." But I stopped him at that, having decided to do without love. In fact I neither bought nor felt like buying anything in the market. But to be in the middle of this strange, teeming, half-naked world, bent on selling and buying objects of which I had never dreamt, and whose names or purposes I could neither pronounce nor recognize; to be dazzled by the colour, dazed by the heat, fairly suffocated by the smells; to be part, even for a few moments, of a world at once so alien and yet so warm, alive and human—wasn't that all I had hoped to find?

The beach is another of the joys of Accra. Miles and miles of sand cut off from the town by coconut groves and palm trees, pounded ceaselessly by the heavy Atlantic breakers, and blissfully cooled by a constant breeze. Not much good for swimming, alas, since the surf is treacherous. But you can ride a surf board, and you can watch the fishermen braving gigantic waves in their gondola-shaped craft, hanging on like so many flies as they are tossed in the spray. They paddle fiercely to the crest of the last high wave, where, perched in miraculous equilibrium, they shout a wild cry of triumph before plunging out of sight into the open sea beyond where they will spread their pocket-shaped net. Long afterwards—and you should be patient and wait—the net will be pulled back from the shore by a long file of chanting and dancing men, women and children, and the catch will be laid on the silver sand. It is a mixed bag containing creatures that would fill any amateur zoologist with delight—personally they rather filled me with revulsion. Then the women will be given their share and proceed there and then to cook it on open fires. All this a daily spectacle of wonderful excitement and beauty.

## Goods are humped ashore

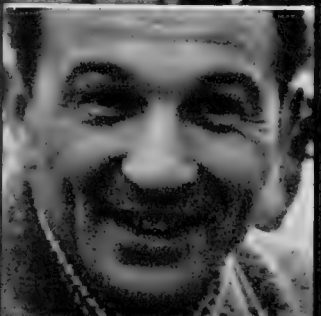
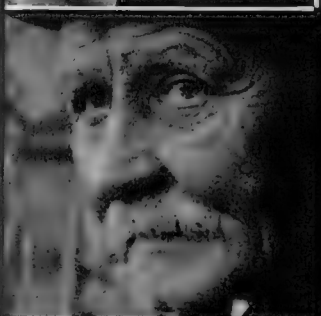
Since there is no harbour at Accra all sea-borne goods have to be brought ashore through the surf in these same gondola-shaped embarkations, and for the last lap on the shoulders of the 15-man crew, one and all of most superb stature. Everything from refrigerators to tinned food arrives in this way, and so skilled are the boatmen who operate this perilous ferry service that only a tiny percentage of the goods is lost. Of course the new harbour being built at Tema will put an end to this problem—but also, alas, to this exciting display of strength, skill and courage.

The main roads are on the whole extremely good and it is easy enough to travel in Ghana, though the problem of where to stay at nights after a hot, dusty and exhausting "trek" is fairly acute. The two main provincial capitals, Kumasi and Tamali (and most towns of any importance) boast government resthouses, run for the benefit of *bona fide* travellers. In most cases the manageress is a British

*continued on page 45*



# AIRGROUND ACES



The world of the carousel is having its high season. LEWIS MORLEY went out with his notebook and camera, and recorded these impressions of the race of people who work the stalls and the coconut-shies, the swings and the roundabouts





**SON** of three generations of travelling showmen, Mr. George Harvey owns a children's roundabout. "I've been a showman all my life. Born into it. So was my father and his father before him. There's no gipsy blood in me. You won't find any gipsies here, except the fortune-tellers and they're mostly not true gipsies, if you know what I mean." As he turned to collect his young customers' sixpences, he straightened his cap and grinned. "It's a great life," he said.



**FATHER** Mr. George Harvey Jnr. (sic) sat on a stool by his ball-in-the-bucket stall. "I've got five children, four of them travelling showmen. We travel together but have our own stalls; my daughter helps me with this one. Did you ask my age? Well, I'm 83. No, I'm not the oldest travelling showman—one of the oldest, but not the oldest." His line of business must be one of the oldest too — there are few harder ways of winning a coconut

## FAIRGROUND FACES *continued*

**OUTSIDER** Mr. David Glass sells balloons. "I'm not one of the fairground folk, but you might say I'm part of the fair—you see, I've had this spot for the last 15 years. I do a lot of travelling though I'm not a travelling showman. In winter I sell balloons to firms for dances and parties. I have a contract with one large firm to supply all their needs. I'll blow them up if they ask. Most of them see you right for doing it. My son helps me in the holidays."



**INSIDER** Mr. George Howard runs a *Pick a Star* stall. "It's really 'pick a straw' with a film star's name inside. Get Bing Crosby and you can have any prize. Lesser stars, lesser prizes. There's no fiddle. This lot of prizes cost me 60 quid. In other words I have to sell 60 quid's worth of straws before I make a profit. Then there's petrol, site rent, and of course accountant's fees. We pay income tax just the same as anyone else. It's a proper-run business nowadays."



**STALLHOLDER** Mr. Nelson Smith offered his darts.  
"Come on, try your luck! Yes, I suppose my name is uncommon; it's a sort of family name, been in the family like the family's been in show business hundreds of years. Besides this dart stall I have a children's merry-go-round which my boy helps me out on." He pointed to the one-man-power (24 horses) equipment operated by his son who turned a handle to rotate the horses. "I've got six other boys. You see, most of us have lots of children so when they get big enough they can help out with the stall. Cuts down



running costs." Marriage outside the fairground community is exceptional and life runs on a pattern similar to a tribal system. It is difficult to find a family that cannot boast of an unbroken lineage of at least four generations. Mr. Smith has no permanent home: "No fixed abode as you might say, we're on the go all the time. But I do have a place in Watford where I have my mail and things sent." He thrust his darts out at a passer-by who hesitated by his stall. "Come on, sir, try your luck," a pause . . . "and skill."





**WIFE** of a fairground man ("he's at Southall with the boxing booth") Mrs. Marie Gage (above) runs a lucky dip stall. She comes from a long line of show people, has no children—"but I have two monkeys and two great Danes." Mrs. F. Smith (above left) runs a coconut-shy, has six girls, seven boys. "The younger ones are at boarding school, but help during the holidays. We mostly marry our own kind, but I married out, and my husband came into the business."

**PALMIST** Priscilla Rose Lee (left) is a true Romany. "There aren't very many of us left in this country. I've read palms for over 40 years. I realized I had the gift at 16. My mother, grandmother and great-grandmother all had the gift. I have five girls and one boy. Three of the girls have the gift, too." She has been on TV and visited Canada, the U.S.A. and Australia. "I was in a film with Michael Wilding and Anna Neagle—I read their palms."



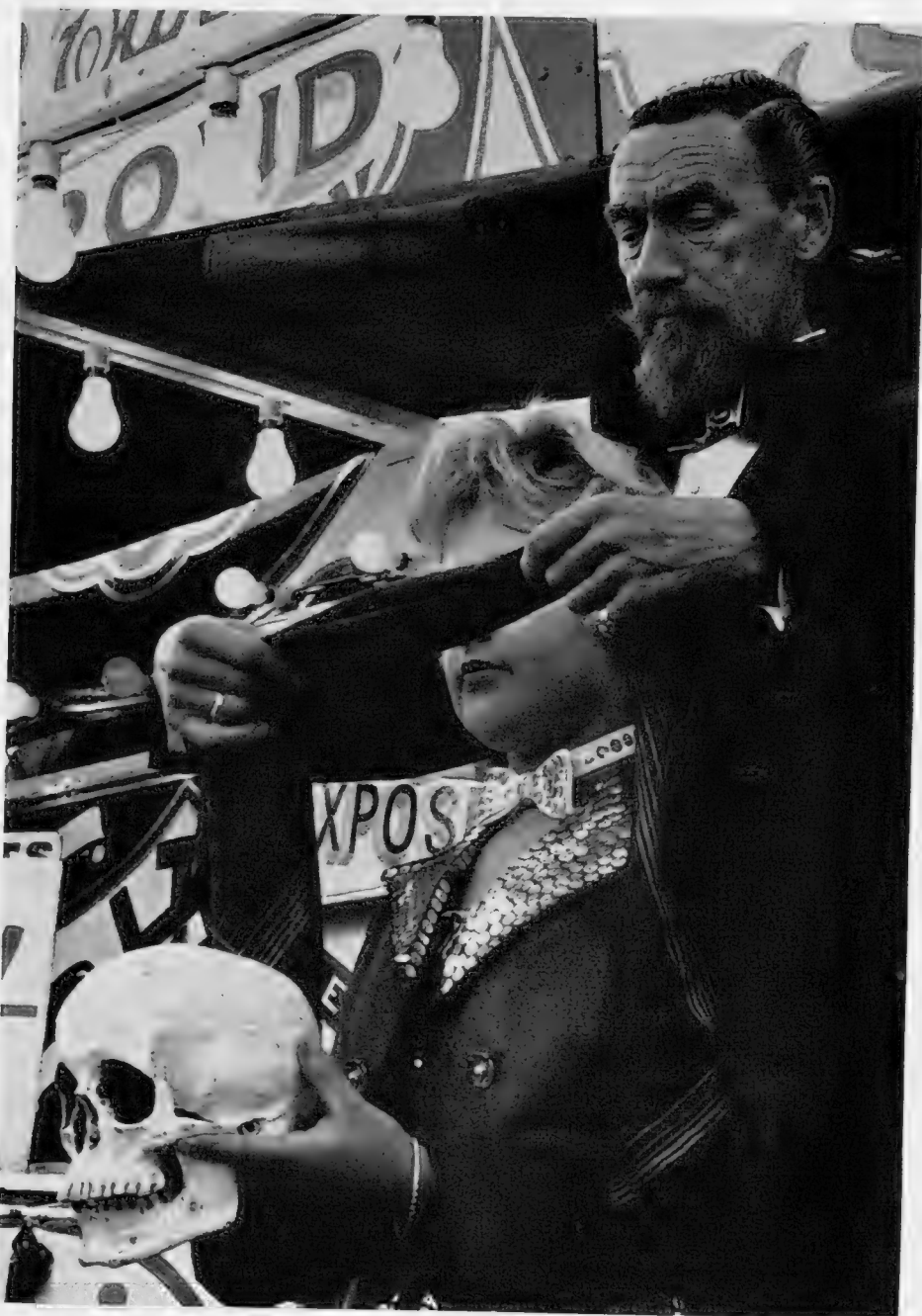
## FAIRGROUND FACES *concluded*

**STALL-MINDER** ("it belongs to the lady over there") didn't give his name. "If you want to know about the funfair see Mr. Kimberley—he knows all the people and everything." He suddenly picked up a child from behind the barrier and posed for a photograph. Fairground people "lay up" from October to April. In winter they mend and overhaul in readiness for the spring. They say a bad Easter (the first big fair) usually means a bad year.

**COMMITTEE-MAN** of the Showmen's Guild, Mr. William Kimberley owns fish-&-chip stores and refreshment kiosks. "I suppose the Guild's a sort of trade union; it protects us, makes sure we do right in return, and so protects the public." Of the children he said: "Kids have to go to school nowadays, it's the law and a good thing. Most of the older folk can't read or write. My grandchildren are at boarding-school; one even writes me letters."



**FAIR-HANDS** Paddy and Seamus Dooner, Irishmen (*left*), travel and live with the fair but own no concessions. The brothers work as dodgem-car collectors, assemble and dismantle the riding devices and overhaul the engines of the large machines. Fairground labourers usually marry fairground folk—but rarely marry daughters of concession owners. These, rather than “lose a daughter,” prefer to “gain a son plus a merry-go-round.”



**ILLUSIONIST** “Lord” Thomas Howard (*above*) runs a side-show with a magical strip-tease, an illusion act, and he claims that he and his wife are the fastest mental-telepathy team in the business. Both have a good education—unusual among older fairground people—and come from a long line of show people. The Howard family were at the Caversham fair: all the others on these five pages were photographed on Hampstead Heath.

**DAUGHTER** of “Lord” Thomas (*left*) helps her father with his “Believe-what-your-eyes-tell-you” illusion act. She also “rolls them in” before each show, aided by another curvaceous female. Her brother has a booth next door with the sign “*To Lust is to Desire. . . . She is real. . . . No Waiting. . . . Admission 6d.*”, together with a large painted Devil and a pink semi-nude. Inside, a bikini-clad girl reclines, consumed by synthetic flames and youths’ stares.





## interviews



## THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL

DR. RICHARD WOOLLEY, O.B.E., F.R.S.

### MONICA FURLONG reports:

*I met the Astronomer Royal at Herstmonceux Castle in Sussex, a beautiful, though much restored, fifteenth-century building. It lies in a hollow surrounded by a moat and a superb formal garden, and on the slopes around it are the domes and buildings of the Royal Greenwich Observatory.*

Why did the Royal Greenwich Observatory move to Herstmonceux after so many years at Greenwich?

*A.R.:* We had to move from London for the rather obvious reason that smoke and street lights stop our work: a lot of it consists in taking photographs with long exposures. But quite apart from smog and street lights, it is much finer in Sussex than in the Thames valley, and we get more clear nights here.

What is the function of the Astronomer Royal?

*A.R.:* The original function of the Astronomer Royal was to improve navigation by making observations of the moon and the stars. The first Astronomer Royal was appointed by King Charles II in 1675. He was John Flamsteed. My predecessors have been a long-lived lot, and I am only the 11th in nearly 300 years. Now there is no longer any chance of breaking records because you have to retire at a comparatively early age and give up the appointment.

What is the job of the Greenwich Observatory today?

*A.R.:* 85 per cent of our work is utilitarian: we are responsible for actually producing the *Nautical Almanac*, as well as making observations on which it is based, and for telling the time for the nation. We also repair all the Admiralty's watches. The remaining 15 per cent is given over to research.

What are your particular research interests here?

*A.R.:* The ages of stars, and what this information indicates about stellar evolution.

How do you set about finding out the ages of stars?

*A.R.:* By studying the positions of stars and their velocity and brightness. By measuring some of the faintest stars, and trying to see whether the colours and sizes form a pattern. We are trying to gather facts which will improve our knowledge of the size of the whole galaxy.

Doesn't the timelessness of astronomy ever frighten you?

*A.R.:* No; or hardly ever. I usually say that I don't think of it at all, but this is not really true, and I suppose that anyone who is concerned with any kind of learning feels himself to some extent *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Can you say what attracts you to astronomy?

*A.R.:* I always wanted learning to be my job, even before I went up to Cambridge. I was a pupil of Eddington's and went to

Cambridge because I admired his books—and I gradually decided that astronomy was what I wanted. I like night observing, and I like telescopes. It interests me very much that one can make statements which have any meaning at all about things so far away as the centre of the galaxy, and so long as ten thousand million years ago.

What is the biggest telescope you have here?

*A.R.:* A 36-inch one. I came to this job after being Commonwealth Astronomer in Canberra, where they have a 74-inch telescope, and I found it a little hard to adapt myself to using a smaller one. However, we are promised a 100-inch telescope, though we shan't get it until 1965. They take such a long time to make, and are enormously expensive, of course. This one, which will probably be made by an English firm, will cost £600,000.

You have acquired something of a reputation for being hostile to space travel, Dr. Woolley. Is this justified?

*A.R.:* Unfortunately a remark of mine was overheard and reported, out of context, by a member of the press. What I do feel about space travel, however, is that it is fantastically expensive. One of these rocket projects costs about as much as the whole annual cost of higher education in this country; even an individual artificial satellite is very expensive, and then it may not go off properly. I feel that, as far as pure science is concerned, it's a waste of money.

Which could go towards more schools, or universities. . . ?

*A.R.:* Or more good telescopes. People have remarked that the Astronomer Royal is against space travel, but the truth is that I am not interested in anything as close to the earth as the moon. My interests lie much, much farther away.

Do you feel that this is a particularly interesting period in which to be an astronomer?

*A.R.:* Yes, there is no doubt about that. Astronomy has developed in a way that nobody 50 years ago could have predicted, mainly because of the astonishing developments in nuclear physics.



Domes dot the Sussex skyline at Herstmonceux, where the Royal Observatory finished

moving from its historic premises in Greenwich Park (alongside the meridian) last year

# The London Collections:

*Up to the eyes in fur,*

*the new designs have collars made of it,*

*cuffs made of it, fur lapels, fur chokers,*

*fur muffs, even fur waistcoats*



Photographs by DAVID OLINS

Drawings by TERRI HAMATON

The London Collections set a standard for thoroughbred clothes rarely bettered by the Paris houses who showed the following week.

London's designers advocate easy fitting tailormades leading to a lengthened hemline; rough-textured tweeds; lots of brown; and fur on everything, everywhere,

for every hour of the day.

Victor Stiebel, ex-chairman of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers of whom he was a founder member, numbers among the elegant and beautiful women he dresses Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra (he made many of the ball dresses for her Australian tour).

On view here: Today's suit in rough pepper-and-salt tweed has a double-breasted jacket trimmed with Fisher. Simone Mirman hat



COVER: A John Cavanagh coat taken against a City skyline by Michel Molinare. Details: p. 36



## The London Collections *continued*



**Ronald Paterson** is a dynamic Scot who has conducted his own House in Albemarle Street since 1948. His designs are focused firmly on the future. He says that, once they are past drawing-board stage, even his own designs seem a little old hat.

Away from clothes he lives in Chelsea with his wife and daughter, paints in oils with no small talent and plays modern music on his grand piano. Shy by day, he specializes in hilariously funny, near-libellous, musical limericks with which he delights his friends in the midnight hours.

Pointers from his collection: Currently his suit-line is lengthened, often with Magyar sleeves which have a belled effect at elbow level. Revers are short, high and wide-set, skirts slender and longer.

Dresses have bloused, casual tops with dropped waistlines at the back.

*On view here:* A deep amethyst dress topped by a jacket in rough wool with his favourite ruffle-effect sleeve-line. Black fox hat and muff by Rudolf



**Hardy Amies** is chairman of the Incorporated Society and shares with Norman Hartnell the honour of being the only two couturiers to hold the Royal Warrant. His business in Savile Row, started in 1946, occupies the one-time home of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. There he makes clothes for the day-to-day life of wealthy English ladies. Underline the word *lady* and you have the keynote to his collections—but don't assume that it means dullness.

Bachelor Amies, tall, handsome and always elegant, is a socialite whose name often appears in the gossip columns; he is also an avid reader, theatregoer and antique collector.

Pointers from his collection: Important sleeves—often almost leg o' mutton; longer, tailored jackets with wider shoulder lines;  $\frac{7}{8}$ -sleeves; the shortest skirts in the London couture, and unstressed waists. Fur again predominates and a feeling of luscious extravagance runs through the whole collection.

*On view here:* A black and grey checked wool and mohair suit has a semi-fitting jacket with triangular buttoning. The burgundy crêpe lining also makes the blouse. Red fox is used for a stole with an Edwardian pill-box hat by Vernier



## The London Collections *continued*



**Michael** is perhaps the most creative of all our designers. Had he been born a Frenchman, his name might now be world-famous. His are the clothes that defy the conservative, delight the sophisticate. Tailoring is his *forte*. Learning his craft at Lachasse, he started on his own six years ago in Carlos Place. His house is small but exclusive. Pointers from his Collection: Suits, often collarless, are built on easy-fitting lines. Shoulders are broad with  $\frac{7}{8}$ -sleeves, minus cuffs. Skirts taper to a narrow hem but allow for ease of movement by way of superb tailoring. Coarse-textured tweeds make unusual appearances with broadtail or sable. Creams



and the palest of tans are his preferred colours. The line is clean, uncluttered—no room for frills.

*On view here:* A coat of ranch mink (*opposite page*) with a supple stretch of cape collar. Designed by Michael for Bradleys.

Teamed with an uncompromisingly-tailored dress of nobbly-cream Irish tweed and belted with tan suède to match the fur. Creamy felt hat also by Michael. He steers clear of the long-haired furs and uses black Persian lamb (*above*) for a waistcoat worn with a suit of black-and-white flecked tweed. The grey felt hat is matador-like, rimmed with black



## The London Collections

*continued*

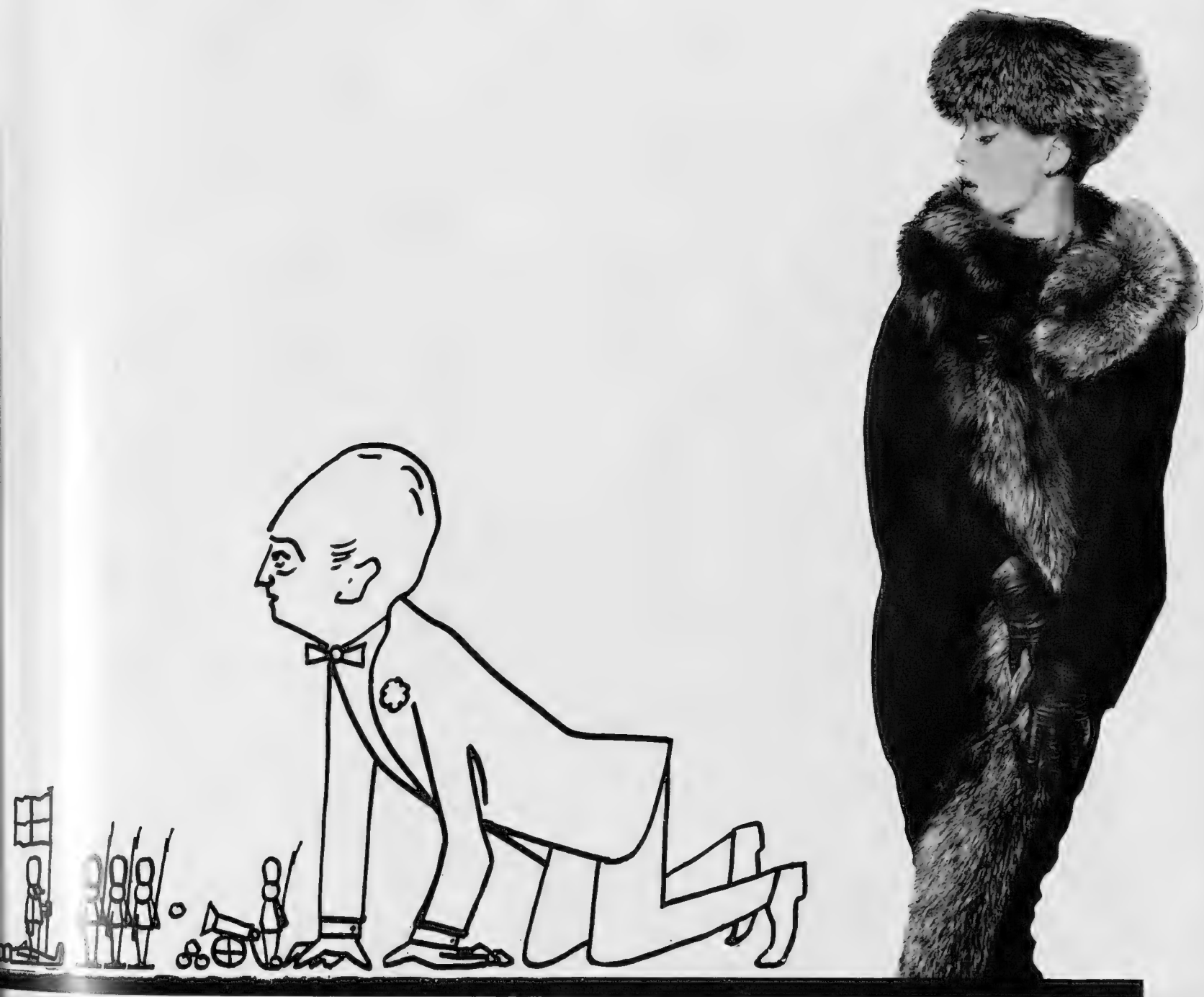


**John Cavanagh's** clothes owe much to the influence of Molyneux and Balmain, under whom he served for six years.

But he is a lively and talented designer in his own right with a strong sense of the dramatic, coupled with an exciting and courageous use of colour.

*On view here:* A dark green tweed suit (*left*) finds an unusual companion in an orchid-pink satin blouse. The suit, with a jacket grown to new lengths, is worn with a high hat by Reed Crawford, and a fur muff complete with removable choker in red fox. All set for cocktails (*right*) is a starkly simple dress in pure silk black serge trimmed with black-dyed fox. The hat is a bandeau that sports a cockade of blue feathers.

*Cover story:* John Cavanagh uses burnt-orange tweed for the coat on the cover. It is lavishly trimmed with black dyed skunk. Undercover: a little black wool dress



Charles Creed is first and last a tailor. His collection is small with precisely-cut clothes that often emerge with a faintly military air or a mild dash of the Regency period. His father was the first to use tweeds for women's suits, his grandfather made riding habits for Queen Victoria—his house is steeped in the traditions of immaculate English tailoring at its best. Always elegantly dressed himself, he learnt about wool and weaving in Scotland and tailoring in Vienna, and he opened his own London house in 1946. His hobby is collecting Napoleonic military figures, many of which decorate the walls of his Salon.

*On view here:* A tuxedo-fronted coat in black ripple facecloth has a hem-long trim of silver fox. Its dinner companions are a silk print dress in bright blue and black, and a hat by Simone Mirman. Though not typical of his collection, the coat shows how the season's trend for furs has invaded even this temple of tailoring



## The London Collections *continued*



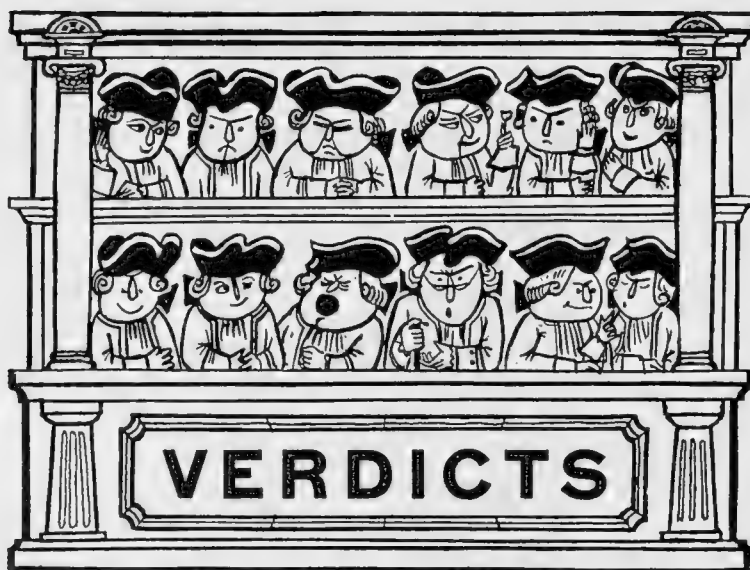
Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker, is England's best known couturier. His magnificent, spectacular designs are often enriched with embroidery and furs. The Coronation clothes have already taken their place in history. Pointers from his collection: Tailored jackets stretch to hip-bone length. Coats are slenderly cut and stop short at  $\frac{7}{8}$ -length over mid-calf length skirts. Tweeds and velvet take fur for linings and trimmings—mink, ocelot, beaver and the much-used fox. On view here: A theatre coat in black Lyons velvet allied to dyed black fox. A strapless short dress worn beneath is of black Chantilly lace over white satin



Owen Hyde-Clarke of Worth is a designer both romantic and practical in his approach to fashion. He aims to design clothes that suit his customers rather than what he describes as "the last shriek of fashion which may be all right on a model girl but death on Madam." He believes that most Englishwomen achieve pretty looks and charm far more easily than sophistication. He loves to design billowing evening dresses, wedding dresses for the many society brides who come to this house and to create clothes for the individual. Away from Grosvenor Street, his leaning is towards hunting rather than clothes.

*On view here:* A turquoise velvet theatre coat, shawl-collared in white fox. Worn with a full-skirted short evening dress in blue toning taffeta





*The play* **THE HOSTAGE**

(Howard Goorney, Eileen Kennally, Alfred Lynch, Celia Salkeld). Wyndham's Theatre

*The films* **THIS EARTH IS MINE**

Rock Hudson, Jean Simmons, Dorothy McGuire. Director Henry King

**THE SCAPEGOAT**

Alec Guinness, Bette Davis, Nicole Maurey, Irene Worth, Pamela Brown. Director Robert Hamer

**INVITATION TO MONTE CARLO**

Germaine Damar, Gilda Emmanuelli. Director Euan Lloyd

*The records* **BLUE SAXOPHONES**

(Hawkins/Webster, LP Columbia)

**LILI MARLENE**

(Marlene Dietrich, LP Philips)

**TORME**

(Paich/Tormé, LP HMV)

**SONGS AND DANCES OF THE FRENCH CAMEROONS**

(EP Topic)

**THE METRONOME ALL-STARS BANDS**

(LP RCA Camden)

**BURNISHED BRASS**

(George Shearing, LP Capitol)

*The books* **ENDYMION PORTER**

by Gervas Huxley (Chatto & Windus, 25s.)

**ANTOINE**

by Marie-Gisele Landes (Muller, 12s. 6d.)

**HOMER AND THE AETHER**

by John Cowper Powys (Macdonald, 16s.)

**CONVERSATIONS WITH IGOR**

**STRAVINSKY**

by Stravinsky & Robert Craft (Faber, 21s.)

**A LONG WAY DOWN**

by Elizabeth Fenwick (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)

natural mouthpiece of rebels, especially of Irish rebels, though the absurdity of rebels, especially of Irish rebels, sets him hooting derisively.

He has, in his own words, a total irreverence for anything connected with society except that which makes the roads safer, the beer stronger, the food cheaper, and old men and women warmer in winter and happier in summer. Clearly he was born to be England's pet jester. Invested in his motley and allowed to speak his anarchic mind he would add to the nation's gaiety and yet give remarkably little real offence.

It is so obvious that his railings proceed from a warm heart which finds humanity lovable as well as ridiculous; and he has the good humour to see himself as no less ridiculous than the next man.

A West End management has had the sense to bring his roaring extravaganza, *The Hostage*, from Theatre Workshop in the East End to Wyndham's Theatre. It has been doing well there, though it is as formless as though it were being improvised on the spur of the

keeper who enjoys letting herself go in a spate of patriotic rhetoric as much as she enjoys "taking the mickey out" of rival rhetoricians; and she does not spare Pat. Mrs. Gilchrist seeks to sublimate her sexual frustration in vulgarity and when she is not furtively philandering with the sanctimonious Mr. Mulleady she is carrying lighted candle and keening piteously in the hope of starting a wake.

There is the old Harrovian more Irish than the Irish themselves, and the I.R.A. officer who represents the younger generation, a morose Gestapo-like person who is given no chance to put a case for his contemporaries.

But all the other Irish types go, one by one, through the hoop, and they are all good talkers. And the Cockney hostage is a type Mr. Behan understands quite as well as he understands his fellow countrymen.

He has grown to like his captors, and he simply cannot believe that they are serious. He is sorry for the chap who is going to be hanged, but what good will it do to anybody if he is shot to balance the account.



A NEW ELIZA takes over at Drury Lane. Julie Andrews (left), who has played the role since *My Fair Lady* opened on Broadway three and a half years ago gives way to Anne Rogers (right) who has 700 performances to her credit in America. Miss Rogers, 25, now lives in St. John's Wood with her husband & baby son

moment, and the situation around which the extravaganza roars is one likely to rouse deep suspicion in an easygoing English audience. A Cockney soldier has been kidnapped and is held in a Dublin brothel as hostage for an I.R.A. activist who is to be hanged in Belfast for shooting a policeman. What we suspect, of course, is that we are in for an evening of bitter and only partially comprehensible partisanship.

In fact we are in for nothing of the sort. The story is only Mr. Behan's pretext for surveying past and present Anglo-Irish relations with a laughing impartiality which leaves no partisan a leg to stand on.

Pat is the old man who would like it to be believed that he fought the British at the side of Michael Collins 40 years ago. He has an enormous contempt for the young men who are trying to imitate him and the heroes of the golden age.

Meg is the shameless brothel

Will his Commander-in-Chief care, will the Prime Minister whose representative nose has been tweaked lose a night's sleep; will his countrymen grieve for him? The thing is too ridiculous; and he is "properly bothered."

Mr. Behan, however, is practically concerned about his hero. The situation around which the jokes have revolved has sooner or later to be resolved. The decentest way that occurs to him is a stray bullet; and at once he revives the corpse of his hero and sets him singing a spirited valedictory ditty to a world which has been utterly beyond his comprehension.

Miss Joan Littlewood has produced the piece a little more tamely than it was done at Theatre Workshop, but it still goes with a taking swing. Mr. Howard Goorney and Miss Eileen Kennally, Mr. Alfred Lynch and Miss Celia Salkeld all do notably well.



## The black sheep's jolly roar

IF IT WERE DECIDED TO APPOINT AN official Fool to keep the Poet Laureate company Mr. Brendan Behan would be a strong candidate for the post. He has most of the requirements. A professed hater of

England and her dominating ways, he would have the sneaking respect of his lords and masters, and the law, as applied to morals, art, taste or public behaviour, would get no respect from him. He is the



## CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

### The good earth takes a beating

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF THINGS for which one is grateful to the veteran director, Mr. Henry King—as, for instance, that he discovered Mr. Gary Cooper's star quality way back in 1926—but I do not think *This Earth Is Mine* can be listed among them. It is a solemn, slow-moving family saga, with Mr. Claude Rains as the patriarch forever reiterating that he has built an empire, founded a dynasty—when all he means is that, through a series of judiciously arranged marriages between his offspring and the neighbours, he has acquired the largest vineyard not only in California but in the world.

Bent upon extending it, the insatiable old thing imports Miss Jean Simmons, an English granddaughter, with the intention of marrying her off to a neighbouring wine-grower (Mr. Francis Bethencourt) whose property will then be absorbed into the family's. Miss Simmons, to whom nobody has bothered to explain all this, jibs at the suggestion—she must have time to consider it and to get to know her new-found relations.

She is given time—and several lectures on the beauty of the vine, the making of wines, and the intelligence of the grape, which bless her heart is according to Mr. Rains the only fruit in the world that knows precisely what it is intended for, and will turn itself into wine even if left to its own

devices. This is all highly instructive, Miss Simmons finds—but as Prohibition is in force and the making and sale of wine illegal, it does not seem to be getting anybody anywhere.

Mr. Rains looks forward wistfully to the day when the law will be repealed, but until that time is willing to abide by it: dutifully he ploughs his grapes back into the soil. This absolutely infuriates his grandson, Mr. Rock Hudson, the rebel of the family, who is all for selling the grapes to bootleggers and making a fortune.

While deploring his mercenary attitude, Miss Simmons, as you must have guessed would happen, falls in love with Mr. Hudson: by a happy chance and a touch of illegitimacy, he is not so closely related to her as first appeared, so it is all right for them to marry—but not until he has been crippled in a fight and the vineyard has been ravaged by fire. Mr. King's direction seems to me rather half-hearted but I can't say I blame him: neither the family nor the dialogue is worth worrying much about.

The opening scenes of *The Scapegoat* are full of chill and promise: Sir Alec Guinness, an Englishman who teaches French at some redbrick university, is on holiday in France—and here he meets a French count who is his complete double (and, of course, Sir Alec, too). They spend an alcoholic evening together and the



IN CUBA, where recent happenings give the plot topical point, the film of Graham Greene's novel *Our Man In Havana* is nearing completion. In the star-studded cast are (top) Noël Coward as the chief British agent, Burl Ives (middle) as the ill-fated Dr. Hasselbacher, and Alec Guinness (above) as Wormold, the vacuum-cleaner salesman who shakes Whitehall with his sensational (and wholly mythical) intelligence reports

next morning the teacher, waking in the count's clothes, finds it incumbent upon him to assume this mysterious person's role and responsibilities.

The latter include a dilapidated château, a moribund family business, a drug addict mother (Miss Bette Davis), a scornful spinster sister (Miss Pamela Brown), an unhappy wife (Miss Irene Worth), a detached 'teen-age daughter (Miss Annabel Bartlett), and an extremely pretty mistress (Mlle. Nicole Maurey). The teacher is accepted by everybody as the count—except, that is, by Mlle. Maurey, who simply accepts him as a lover.

Miss Daphne du Maurier's novel upon which the film is based was no doubt brilliantly plausible: the story that reaches the screen is fraught with improbabilities—and the ending is so perfunctory as to be positively insulting. This may not be the director's fault as I understand M.G.M. revised and re-edited the film after he had finished it—but surely Mr. Hamer might have realized that there is something awfully unconvincing about a French household in which nothing but English is spoken.

Mr. Euan Lloyd's 45-minute *Invitation To Monte Carlo* is a sunny and somewhat saccharine trifle about a six-year-old girl (delightful little Miss Gilda Emmanuelli) who goes to Monaco in the company of the prettiest air-hostess you ever saw (Mlle. Germaine Damar) to present the baby Princess Caroline with a tiny kitten called Tosca.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace are seen disporting themselves in their natural habitat—he, oddly enough, facing the cameras with a greater (because inherited?) serenity than the beautiful ex-film star—and Princess Caroline proves herself an affectionate child, with a kiss for everybody in sight, including Tosca.



## RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

### Perfection for two on tenor

SOMETIMES A RECORD STOPS ME DEAD in my stride, but that is all too rare now. I frequently hear my albums for the first time almost in background form, and it was on such an occasion that I had to drop everything and devote my whole attention to the exquisite tenor-playing of those two sax veterans, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. Their music is something out of the rut, representing all the best ingredients in jazz. Here are two closely comparable performers both imposing their imaginative ideas on the same themes, sympathetically together, with no question of their trying to cut across one another. My only

modest complaint is that they have concentrated their efforts on slow numbers, where their eloquence may not always show itself to the best advantage. The music is soothing and sublime, the performers closely integrated, and the results belong to that strata of living perfection which is so seldom produced.

The complexities of African rhythm need not be bewildering; this is well proved by an interesting EP released by Topic, on which drums and voices are the main feature. There is, however, some excellent guitar-playing from this group in the French Cameroons—

a West African province, not to be confused with some of those attractively named islands off the coast of Scotland. It has become a matter of dispute as to whether the present day African music inherits characteristics from its jazz counterpart in the west, or whether the movement of ideas is entirely eastbound. I am inclined to favour the idea that the traffic is reciprocal.

I must now switch rapidly to the sophisticated theme which underlies many of the records produced under the guise of jazz. For some years I have advocated that British-born pianist George Shearing, the first of our jazz exports to the States, should escape from the close restrictions of his immaculate but uninspired quintet. In *Burnished Brass*, his latest Capitol album, he has acquired a 16 piece brass section to provide a fanfare for his scintillating piano work. This is his best recorded performance for years, a triumph both for him and for the arranger, Billy May. Another top arranger, Pete Rugolo, features his talents in the accompaniment to singer Billy Eckstine's Mercury release. Billy's

approach is too suave to convince me that he really sings jazz—he used to before he was a "name," when he worked with Earl Hines. The music is free and uninhibited, but I feel all the time that he is putting on a bit of an act.

Still in sophisticated vein, the style and voice of Mel Tormé leave me soothed and satisfied, yet he is one of the most swinging singers I know. He benefits from Marty Paich's tasteful, even occasionally vigorous, band support, but the effect comes from him, in the graceful timing, the flowing ease with which he embarks on "Body And Soul" or that seldom heard ballad "How Did She Look."

In another medium, the ever-lovely Marlene Dietrich sings, all in German, some essentially American tunes in a slightly misleadingly titled LP—*Lili Marlene*. Her sultry voice is a sound on its own, disarming in its appeal, timeless and free from modern day gimmickry. Her reincarnation in the year A.D. 3000 might be different, but I doubt whether the voice could change.





## BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### The trouble about a blameless life

IT WOULD BE HARD TO RESIST A biography of somebody called **Endymion Porter**, if only because someone with so enchanting and improbable a name must, one feels, have been remarkable. The delightful Endymion was in fact a trusted courtier, art adviser and confidential agent of King Charles I, and his fortunes rose and fell with the king's. His biographer is Gervas Huxley, who is married to the novelist Elspeth Huxley, herself a descendant of Endymion's.

I am passionately fond of biographies giving lots of information about family life and laundry lists and the price of herrings three centuries ago. Endymion was a devoted family man and had a great many children (some of whom survived and went to the bad) but most of his domestic life is recorded through letters—of some charm—since Endymion was so frequently away from home in the service of kings. He loved his wife dearly and was constantly writing her touching and placatory letters after brisk rebukes by post from home. He was a friend of court painters (Van Dyck painted a double portrait of himself with Endymion), and of poets, and his protégé Davenant rose to become Laureate after Ben Jonson.

Following Endymion's career, this sympathetic, well-mannered book necessarily covers a good deal of court history of the time. Some of the most interesting material concerns the building up of Charles I's fabulous collection of pictures, his portrait commissions, and the tragic disposal of the art collection under Cromwell.

The trouble about Endymion as a subject for biography seems to me that it was really only his work and his connections that made him specially interesting. He was a faithful friend and loyal servant, a good and thoughtful husband and father, a thoroughly nice man but one of only middling interest apart from his position at court. The result is a thoroughly nice and scholarly biography, with agreeable pictures here and there of Endymion in lace collar, curls and neat pointed beard, Endymion with dogs and dead rabbit, Endymion with wife and three curly, satiny children attendant, and Endymion chatting graciously in an adorable grand conversation piece including a

tiny little Charles I, Henrietta Maria, midget child and assorted courtiers out for a royal stroll at Greenwich.

To me the chief point of interest about **Antoine** is just why, when Miss Sagan has made every step in a particular story a joyless path so well known, anyone should tread it all over again. The author, Marie-Gisele Landes, wrote it when she was 21, which does not seem to me enough of an excuse. All the familiar ingredients are here—the young, deeply disenchanted girl, vaguely writing for a living, loving no one, wary of her own independence; the middle-aged successful lover—what *his* occupation was I never discovered; the disillusion in bars and at parties; the visit to the South of France; the ruthless extermination of a rival.

The publishers say that the author is a "highly moral satirist" whose theme is that to deny love is to deny life, but I cannot find any evidence in the book to prove it. I am beginning seriously to doubt my own capacity for reading one word more about suave, bored, rich French gentlemen with lots of mistresses, and raggle-taggle, bored but apparently irresistible young French girls with lots of lovers, nor can I concern myself further with what they eat and drank, and where, as their bleak affair progresses to its glum conclusion. Miss Sagan has mapped the whole business once and for all, in precise, elegant prose. Now the coinage is becoming debased into a form of novelette for cynical, hard-hearted housemaids (except that housemaids are becoming scarce and probably prefer to read Simone de Beauvoir anyway).

There is a photograph of Mademoiselle Landes on the back of the jacket, in the essential leather coat, standing apparently on the top of a roof. This is a first novel, and it is against etiquette to be wholly unfriendly about first novels. But why, why at 21, when you have all the verve and confidence in the world, write a first novel that has been written, once and for all, before?

A little late in the day, I have caught up with a superb book, a narrative more engrossing, based upon characters more real, human, credible and worth writing about, than almost any novel I have read

this year. (Admittedly it is based on an incomparable and peerless original.) The book is **Homer & The Aether**, a paraphrase or what he calls "walking commentary" on the *Iliad* by John Cowper Powys.

This version seems to me to have been done with vigour, ebullient life and passionate enthusiasm. There are occasional interpolations by an "imaginary thought-reader, Aether," who is "the gleaming sky shining above and below Olympus," of which I am not sure I understand either the content or the point. Mr. Powys's view of Homer and the events in the *Iliad* seem to me to come over admirably in the preface, but I may have missed something significant in the Aether's pronouncements which would make all plain. At all events, the *Iliad* is such a magnificent, enthralling, tragic, glorious, noble, humbling, breathtaking story—a most marvellous account of what Mr. Powys calls "the actual experience of life"—that I cannot imagine why we do not all read it more often. "We love each other as in Homer. We hate each other as in Homer," says the preface. It is undeniable, and enough to put contemporary novelists, if their nerves were not made of steel, out of business. As a holiday book, if you will excuse a piece of homely practical advice in connection with classical literature, I do not think there is much to beat *Homer & The Aether*.

Conditioned as we are to think of people in terms of "personalities" and interviews, it seems to me inconceivable that **Conversations With Igor Stravinsky**, by Stravinsky & Robert Craft, shouldn't sell like hot cakes, since Stravinsky is one of the most dazzling and intelligent of personalities still around, with a crowded life behind him which has constantly involved a glittering army of his intellectual and artistic colleagues and peers. He has also had the shrewd and thoroughly admirable notion of warding off

interviews imposed upon him by lesser mortals by the simple device of writing his own, and these conversations provide the reader with an extraordinary amount of illuminating information, neat, clear, uncluttered and highly characteristic, on Stravinsky's career, his work, and his great friends and collaborators. A second series is promised shortly, for which I offer three loud cheers in anticipation.

I am becoming wary of the new generation of lady thriller-writers. Time was when a blood was a jolly time-filler, a puzzle without pain and no more involved with real people and real evidence and real guilt and misery than the average crossword puzzle or game of chess. The new movement is to bring the whole beastly business home to me by setting murder afoot among convincing characters with genuine human reactions.

This totally destroys the old slap-happy fairy-tale sense of ease and well-being in the reader, who used to be comfortably installed in some Gothick house-party and surrounded by wicked old art-connoisseurs, wooden-headed policemen and smooth detectives.

Thrillers have in fact stopped being thrillers and are beginning to turn into straight novels about deeply unprepossessing events. **A Long Way Down**, by Elizabeth Fenwick, creates a climate of profound gloom, chill and clinging unease on an American college campus, and is a vintage example of the new school. Mr. Daniel George writes on a wrapper-binder, "I wanted not to have to finish it, but I had to," and I know exactly what he means. If his sort of warm invitation makes you tremble with eagerness to read the book, nothing will keep you from *A Long Way Down*. Speaking personally, it gives one a grumpy feeling that there must be better ways of making oneself feel tremendously depressed.



A fireworks display at Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV. From *The Devoted Mistress*, a new biography of Louise de la Vallière by Joan Sanders. It is published by Longmans, Green, at 25s.

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about me," he laughed. "After two days here, they think they know everything, and they go home and write a book!"

## The chief was under the car

I visited several other chiefs, some living exactly as people must have lived in Biblical days, some rich, some poor. One ingenious young chief crawled from underneath the car he was tending; he has just started his own garage, his own training of mechanical engineers. He himself was trained in Birmingham. He will make a fortune; he has courage and initiative, and there is no lack of cars in need of attention in Ghana. However different the setting and the circumstances, not once did one feel that their title of "chief" was incongruous.

I have left to the last what is perhaps the most striking feature of Ghana: the complete absence of any colour bar. I spent one Sunday afternoon watching a tennis tournament at the Tamale polo club, which used to be an exclusively white preserve for British officers serving in the Gold Coast. Now whites and blacks mix together at the bar and partner each other on the courts. "Have a drink, old boy," I heard the British colonel say to his African second-in-command. "Well done, sir," exclaimed the white subaltern to the African major. At the time this easy intimacy seemed natural. In Ghana one takes it for granted. But to anyone who knew the place or who knows other parts where blacks and whites live together, it is a miracle of the first order.

In a way so much of what one sees in Ghana has that touch of the miraculous. There was, for instance, the child riding his crocodile on the Volta. I had heard about him from a traveller at some resthouse and I wanted to see for myself. "Just ask for 'Johnnie of the Mission,'" I was told, and I did, and sure enough this young boy appeared with the usual charming smile and few words of English. He produced some live frogs from a can and, going to the water's edge, began a kind of woeful yodelling. Suddenly the river became alive with slow-moving shapes, all making for our point on the bank. One of the crocodiles crept on to the grass and Johnnie fed him with the live frogs, chatting to him all the time. He then led him back to the water, climbed on his back and began moving along, and it was difficult to remember that this crocodile was no seaside rubber toy, so unperturbed did Johnnie look.

## But not for me . . .

He did his little tour, came back, and smiling happily made the offer that he had no doubt learnt by heart, as well as the reaction it was bound to provide: "Easy! You, Missie, want try?" I gave him his well-earned reward, took his photograph with a by-now-very-sleepy-looking reptile, and promised him I would tell all my friends in England of his exploits. Indeed I shall never forget this amazing spectacle.

Equally miraculous perhaps is the cocoa-bean, which grows practically untended, and brings vast riches to Ghana. But most miraculous of all, and most memorable, is the spectacle of a people discovering themselves with joy and wonder, as they build a new country, at long last their own. One could not help but share their enthusiasm and wish them wholeheartedly "Good Luck."

## GHANA

*continued  
from p. 24*

expatriate on a three-year contract, who steadfastly keeps the flag of English cooking flying against all climatic odds. . . . At a time when so much else of the British influence is disappearing, it comes as a surprise (I avoid the word *shock*) to get porridge for breakfast and roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding for dinner in a temperature seldom below 100 degrees. Even if our political institutions are on the way out our menus still remain defiantly intact.

My most memorable experience in Kumasi, the capital of the warrior Ashanti tribe, was my visit to the Asantahene, its Chief—and until recently very much its leader on all grounds. Though his chiefly powers are now strictly limited he still remains an object of profound veneration and awe. Even my sophisticated Accra chauffeur had to be prodded into driving me up to the royal palace. Until lately, everyone had to walk the last lap from the heavily guarded gates. I was taken aback, after the chauffeur's display of awe, by the "palace": a very ugly Victorian-styled villa. Most public personages depend today for their effect on the trappings of power. Native force of personality is buttressed by all sorts of artificial propaganda aids. With the Asantahene it is the reverse. No setting could be more intrinsically undignified for an African chief than the mass of *bric-a-brac* with which he has surrounded himself. Yet the moment he enters the room, the moment he speaks, the authentic voice of authority triumphs over the surroundings, making one completely oblivious of the drab setting.

In a magnificent robe of hand-woven silk, worn toga-like with one statuesque shoulder bare and massive bracelets on his wrists, he sits on a chair as if it were indeed a throne. He quickly showed not only a sharp sense of humour but a great knowledge of what goes on in the rest of the world. He showed also an amused tolerance of my ignorance where he was concerned, and kindly undertook to improve my knowledge and to give me a brief *aperçu* of himself and the pageantry that surrounds him. A vigorous clap of hands summoned his secretary who on his order brought four enormous boxes of magnificent photographs and slides. Patiently he passed them one by one, explaining each in turn—and some of them indeed required explanations. "My chief executioner," he said, "but now he doesn't kill any more." (Was there a note of regret in his voice?) He told me with pride that his superb collection was all going into a book to be presented to the Queen. "So many people have written so much rubbish



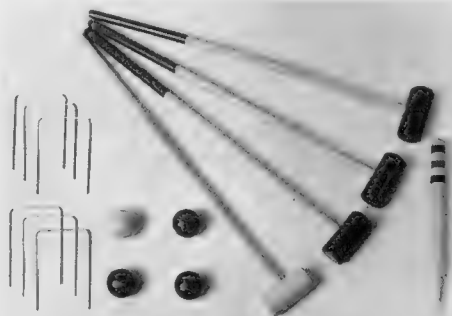
# COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPÉ

*Basquette, a new outdoor game devised by Harrods on the lines of the Basque Pelota, is fun to play on the beach or in the garden by children and adults alike. The ball is thrown from one player to another, or a single person can play against a wall—the skill lies in the catching of the ball in the cupped holder of the racquet (a bit like lacrosse) and you can make up your own rules. There are two racquets of light cane and a moderately weighty rubber ball to each box, price: for the junior model, 39s. 6d., for the adult model, 47s. 6d.*



**The Children's Market**, 29 Holland Street, W.8, is a small friendly shop set up as a "market" for the buying and selling of second-hand clothes. Here, school uniforms fade into the background and parents with their children of up to 14 years of age can find a happy hunting-ground for good clothes of all sorts, except shoes, at a reasonable price. Admittedly, there are more girls' than boys' clothes because "boys wear out their clothes so quickly." Second-hand clothes which are brought in to them are chosen for selling with the greatest care and, after the prices have been fixed, are paid for by cheque immediately. The Market can also deal with parcels of second-hand clothes posted to them. If the clothes are suitable, they look after any necessary cleaning. The Market not only deals with older children's clothes but babies' and toddlers' as well. One thing for which they are constantly on the look-out is riding clothes, as they have a never-ending demand for them.



*Croquet, a more traditional outdoor game, will appeal to children if they are given a child's size replica of a croquet set. The rules are simple, although children are more likely to make up their own, and the set can be used on any lawn. Price: the set, 25s. 11d. From a wide selection of toys, games and books in the toy department of the Beauchamp Nursery Bureau, 36 Beauchamp*

*Place, S.W.3, which is run in conjunction with their nanny and nursery governess bureau. They have some good ideas for amusing nine to ten-year-olds.*



*Dolls' kitchen furniture, hand-made of wood, is painted pale pink or blue. The set includes four chairs, a table and a kitchen dresser with opening cupboard doors. Price: 12s., from Homebound Craftsmen, a small shop at 25a Holland Street, W.8, where there is an excellent collection of children's felt toys (for instance this minute teddy bear), dolls' clothes made to order, basketwork for adults as well as children, and hand-blocked materials made up into aprons, rompers and jeans. Everything is made by disabled people by hand, and the shop caters for adults too, although the children's aspect is large.*

**Mrs. Payne** of 5 Beauchamp Place has some delightful ideas for that pre back-to-school party. Not forgetting that the service which Mrs. Payne provides includes whatever décor, food, equipment and service is required, she is not frantically expensive—an approximate price for a children's party of about 50 would be a £1 per head, minimum. Naturally, prices are higher if the party is to take place out of London. Mrs. Payne and her trained, charming staff cater for parties with a lack of fussiness in décor, using greenery, fruit and flowers, and the food looks country-fresh and very edible. Talking to her about a children's summer garden party, she offered as one suggestion: a tuck shop set up with novel things such as sausages made into miniature hotdogs, and lollipop sandwiches (individual roly-polly sponges filled with mashed banana and apricot jam, rolled up and dipped in melted butter, sprinkled with cinnamon and fine sugar and baked, and finally stuck on a thin stick). Mrs. Payne can also help with entertainment.

*Barbecues are a good idea for children's summer parties. This neat and easily foldable stand, from Betty Hope, 19 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, is simple enough to be worked by the children themselves. The grill is made of nickel-plating (easy to clean) and the steaks go on this with or without skewers. Underneath is a tray with ventilation holes which holds the smouldering charcoal. Below that is a movable tray for acquiring the correct draught. Both spit holders and the four legs unscrew. Price complete 8 guineas*



Charles Duraye of Knightsbridge designs a holiday style with a Windways tapering cut (far right). When windblown it is easily brushed into place and topped by a small circlet of black veiling (right) for evenings



## BEAUTY

# Sun-days philosophy

by JEAN CLELAND

TO BASK IN THE SUN AND ACQUIRE a warm and glowing sun bronze is one of the most popular holiday pursuits. It feels grand and looks glamorous. To acquire a fiery red sunburn is a very different story. This feels painful and looks horrible.

In recent years tremendous progress has been made in sun tan preparations. There are now on the market many different kinds designed to suit individual needs.

Elthy Gray believes in pre-holiday skin care and has made a *Protective Lotion* to build up cellular resistance. This should be used daily after the bath for at least a month before your holiday. It is splendid insurance for those whose skin burns easily.

Tanning gradually and proceed by stages has always been good advice. Elizabeth Arden has three different preparations of varying strength. For the first few days use *Ardena Sun Tan Cream* in an aerosol container, or *Sun-Pruf Cream* in a tube.

Then switch to *Sun Tan Lotion* which helps speedy tanning. For very hot sun in the mountains, or hot country, there is a *Sun Gel* with special emollient properties. This encourages a really deep tan with a glossy sheen, which

is ideal for those who like a shiny look.

Cyclax caters for sailing enthusiasts with a *Sun Proof Cream* which is waterproof, sun-proof, and wind-proof. It protects the skin from the effects of all three, and also against the salt spray from sea water.

While many people find freckles attractive, those who get them often dislike them. To guard against them, there is an *Anti-Sunburn, Anti-freckle Cream* made by Guerlain. Used regularly before going out in the sun, it acts as a screen and helps to prevent freckling.

To arrive on the beach looking pale and wan, when everybody else is beautifully bronze, tempts one to hurry the tanning process. To prevent this, several beauty firms have created preparations that not only protect the skin, but give it a lovely bronze sun tint. There is *Tan-in-a-Minute* by Helena Rubinstein, *Deep Tone Sun Bronze* by Charles of the Ritz, *Sun Tan Oil* by Bronnley, *Teint Dore* by Guerlain and *Elation Foundation Bronze* by Dorothy Gray.

People who find that midges make a dead-set for them should make a point of asking for one of the sun protective preparations

containing insect repellents. *Sun Tan Spray* by Helena Rubinstein, *Sun Tan Lotion* by Bronnley, and *Sunea Sunning Lotion* by Nivea are all excellent.

Charles of the Ritz *Sun Bronze* with Revenescence formula built in is designed to help the dry, sensitive skin. In addition to preventing burning, this product moisturizes the skin.

In addition to the skin, one should protect the hair. From Charles Duraye, of Knightsbridge, come the following suggestions.

Before going on holiday, and every day during the holiday, apply a hair cream to form a coating on the hair. The real secret is to apply a little every day, rather than a big splash once a week. Hair, like skin, can only absorb so much protective remedy at once.

A new permanent should be arranged a month before the holiday date. The extra dryness produced by the fresh perm will only be aggravated by exposure to sun and salt air.

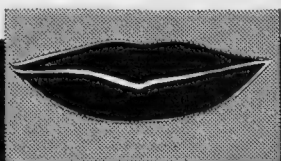
When the holiday has started, cover the hair while sunbathing with a beach hat, or a silk or chiffon square, to prevent the sun from drying it.

To ensure a well-groomed look in any weather, Charles Duraye suggests his *Windways* cut. The soft lines of this shape allow the hair to be blown backwards or forwards, always returning to a head-hugging, feminine style with a minimum of brushing. For the holiday-maker, the easy transformation from beach to ballroom is essential. The photographs on this page show how this is done.



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Dual Interchange Twin Container.  
A Classic Golden Beauty of Jewel Elegance.



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### "CARTOUCHE"

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And the price remains . . . a refill price



## DINING OUT

continued from page 6

visit this restaurant. Apart from the high quality of the cuisine, the décor is worth the journey because you find yourself in a connoisseur's art collection.

**Chez Maurice**, 116 Seaside Road, Eastbourne, Sussex. Eastbourne 4894. Not for those in a hurry! A gastronomic occasion because, in the French manner, the proprietor is the chef and only cooks to order. Maurice served with Escollier, and his specialities are a delight.

**The Little Hallands Hotel**, Bishopstone, (near Seaford), Sussex. Seaford 2581. A lovely 16th-century house, in the middle of the Downs. First-class English cooking, home-grown vegetables, bar with a Club licence and good wines. Handy for Glyndebourne.

**The Whyte Harte Hotel**, Bletchingley, Surrey. Bletchingley 231. C. H. Mathews, master of this 14th-century Inn, is an enthusiast for good food, fine wine, large open fireplaces and old beams.

**The Bramley Grange Hotel**, Bramley, Nr. Guildford, Surrey. Bramley 3434. Enthusiasts have got hold of this hotel and turned it upside down with success. Acres of lawns and gardens, home-grown vegetables and fruit; cocktail bar, and golf course on the doorstep.

**The Kings Arms**, Ockley, Surrey. Capel 3224. A gay friendly pub with a gay friendly Mine Host, Mrs. Frankie Meikle. Smart new dining room specializing in first-class grills and English fare.

**The White Lodge**, Blindley Heath, Surrey. Lingfield 172. Look left for a Swiss flag flying in the breeze as you approach East Grinstead. Here you will find Swiss-born Henri Bally, providing cuisine to high standards at fairly high prices. Some interesting Swiss wines are available.

**The Compleat Angler**, Marlow, Bucks. Marlow 915. Good place for a honeymoon, with rooms overlooking the river. Magnificent restaurant with pinewood banquettes in the Swiss style, hence its name, The Valais. It's expensive and table reservations are essential at summer weekends.

**The Bell Hotel**, Aston Clinton, Bucks. Aston Clinton 384. Reserve your table, especially at weekends, or you won't get into this gastronomes' rendezvous. Some magnificent wines in the cellar. Everybody meets there to and from Silverstone.

**The Jolly Farmer**, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks. Gerrards Cross 2464. You will find a lot of smart cars outside this village pub, especially at weekends. Drivers and passengers will be lunching or dining inside—on sandwiches! They have 400 delicious varieties.

**The Burlington Hotel**, Folkestone, Kent. Folkestone 4663. The décor is bright and gay, the staff friendly, the quality of the food and service, especially in the Grill Room, excellent. Very useful if you are going or returning from the Continent by car.

Venice: The Rialto bridge, and (right) a "back street" canal



PASSPORT

# Venice festival preview

by DOONE BEAL

RATHER LIKE THE FINALE OF A Verdi opera, the Venice Film Festival, overlapping the musical season at the glorious Fenice Theatre, draws its chorus of the gorgeous, the intellectual and the social, to mark the last peak of Europe's summer season. By mid-September, the plain, camera-slung tourists are heading north and the well-trimmed yachts are steaming south to catch the last of the sun while it still has power to burn.

But back to the party: the two-week Film Festival opens on 23 August with the British entry, Kevin McClory's *The Boy And The Bridge*, and a reception given by the Italian Government in honour of Mr. McClory's partner, Mr. Ivar Bryce, who is visiting Venice on the yacht *Natalie* with a party that includes his wife, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Berry, Sir Francis and Lady Peek, and Ann Lady Orr-Lewis. Other lures of the Festival are Otto Preminger's *Anatomy Of Murder*, Ingmar Bergman's *The Face*, and Rossellini's *Il Generale Della Rovere*—which, I am told, is back in the tradition of the best of the Italian post-war films.

The organizers of the Venice Festival make it easier for non-theatrical, non-press visitors to get a comfortable look-in on the proceedings than is the case at Cannes. The open-air cinema, with plenty of room for all, runs films concurrently with the formal premières of the main cinema next door to it (but check up on times, because the open air performances start one hour earlier.) The following day each film in turn is shown at the cinema in Mestra, which is a suburb of Venice, on the mainland. This showing is mainly for the benefit of locals, but is not unfrequented by the more dedicated pilgrims of cinematic art.

The hub of the Festival is, of course, the Excelsior, on the Lido, where a ringside seat could provide as much entertainment as many a film. But if you are making a last minute dash to Venice at this time of year, you may find it easier, as well as cheaper and quieter, to stay in Venice itself. The all-night motor launch service which runs the 15 minute trip between the Lido and Venice makes it quite practicable so to do. Among the less obvious hotels in the city in which you have

a reasonable hope of a last minute booking, I can personally recommend the Luna, Ascensione 1243, which is only round the corner from St. Mark's; and recommended to me are: the Hotel Cavalletto e Doge Orseolo, in Calle Cavalletto, which is on the Bacino Orseolo—also just behind St. Mark's; the Metropole, on Riva degli Schiavoni (breakfast only); the Albergo Trovatore, in Calle delle Rasse, which is a simple little hotel in a narrow street leading down to the lagoon, costing only 1,500 lire a night for a single room; and Pensione Accademia, Dorsoduro, on the opposite side to St. Mark's, near the Accademia Bridge, with similar rates.

Among the nicest restaurants are La Columba, whose seven dining rooms are all hung with purchasable contemporary paintings; and Antico Martini, in an old palace—summer courtyard dining and a plushy little night club with low-pitched, sympathetic band, down below (conveniently close to the Fenice Theatre). In search of the cheapest, explore the Rialto Bridge area and points east. The best of the food is undoubtedly fish, and don't overlook an aromatic and delicious liqueur, *grappa e ruta*—green, with herbs in it.

Contrary to the general impression, Venice need not be expensive. On a variety of occasions, I have lunched most agreeably for 1,100 lire including apéritif, wine and coffee. Not only the prices, but also the food, is usually arrayed in the windows. Through ignorance of the fixed rates, however, I also paid double the price of a lunch for a porter. For your information, minimum rates from the railway station to the landing stage are 40 lire for the first bag, and 30 each for the rest. If you want the porter to carry your bags some distance, maximum is 150 per bag plus a flat 100 lire and 15 per cent. And gondolas—need I say—are quite the most expensive—if romantic—form of transport through those magical, sage-green waterways. Save them up, if you must, for the day when you are not encumbered with baggage. The vaporetto—public water buses—are speedy, frequent and cheap. B.E.A. and Alitalia operate night tourist returns at £34 13s., and day flights at £45 9s.



J. Allan Cash

## DINING IN

## Soup under Sirius

by HELEN BURKE

STICKLERS FOR SERVING THE RIGHT first course will say that soup is a "must" for dinner. During hot weather, however, who wants hot soup? But what is wrong with cold or even chilled soups? Many of our favourite winter ones are just as delicious when served cold—probably more so. Indeed, surprisingly enough, it always seems to me that a chilled soup has a better, more pronounced flavour than when it is served hot.

Chilled soups, too, are a blessing for easy preparation, easy serving and keeping cool oneself. And if one does not want the bother of making them they can be bought. Take consommé (clear soup), for instance. These days, I would never recommend anyone to make it, because not only is it a heavy chore but it also costs far too much to make at home unless one has a good-sized family and occasionally buys a good boiling fowl and a nice piece of beef to simmer together in water for the stock.

That of course is the ideal, but for snap-of-the-moment cooking I suggest buying the consommé in a can and as directed on the label, turning it into cups and then into the refrigerator to chill. Better still, heat the clear soup with a dessert spoon of sherry and, when cold, cool as above.

For my favourite consommé. I omit the sherry and add to the clear soup the juice from a small can

of tarragon vinegar to it before straining it into the consommé. Hot or cold, this clear soup is a winner—but do not refer to it as *Bortsch*. Call it Beetroot Consommé.

To return to stock made from the boiling fowl and piece of beef: you get two hearty main dishes from it—one hot with sauce and one cold with salad, and as a by-product you get the lovely *bouillon*.

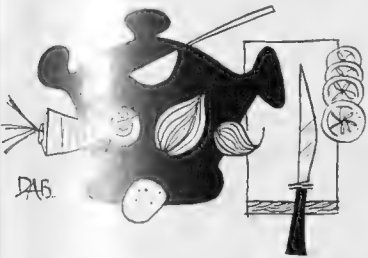
Chilled cucumber is another dream of a summer soup. Peel a large hot-house cucumber and cut it into dice. Reserve half a cupful of the best for garnish. Add a chopped shallot, a chicken *bouillon* cube and 2 pints of water to the remainder and bring it to the boil. Cover and simmer until the cucumber is soft (about 20 minutes). Rub through a sieve or reduce to a purée in an electric blender and return it to the washed-out pan. Add enough sap-green culinary colouring to tint the soup a delicate pale green. Season to taste, using white pepper instead of black.

Blend two level teaspoons of arrowroot with a little cold water. Stir the mixture into the boiling soup and it will clear at once. Remove and stir in 4 to 5 tablespoons cream. When cold, chill the soup.

Cover the reserved cucumber dice with cold water, bring to the boil and boil for 3 to 4 minutes. Cool. Pour the chilled soup into cups, and at the last minute dot the surface with the drained cucumber dice. (Some people like a little chopped blanched chives in this soup.)

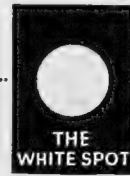
My favourite Cream of Tomato Soup is wonderful when chilled. Start with 4 oz. potatoes cut into small pieces, 1 to 2 chopped shallots and a small nut of butter. Cover and "sweat" the vegetables together for a few minutes, without colouring them. Shake the pan to prevent their sticking together.

Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chopped tomatoes, freed of their seeds, 1 tablespoon tomato purée from a tube, 1 to 2 lumps of sugar, a tiny sprig of thyme, a suggestion of bay leaf and 2 parsley stalks. Pound down on these over a moderate heat. Then add a chicken *bouillon* cube and a quart of water. Cover and cook for at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, then season to taste. Rub through a sieve or bring to a purée in an electric blender and sieve. When cold, chill the soup. At the last minute, beat 4 to 5 tablespoons double cream into it.



of beetroots (whole tiny ones). This is not so much because it saves me cooking the beetroot, or peeling it if bought already cooked, but rather because I get a marvellous ruby clear beetroot stock in addition to the lovely little beetroots themselves. One or two of these I cut in slivers, Julienne style, and add to the soup. The others I serve as a vegetable dish—warmed in a little butter or a creamy sauce—or cold with a dash of vinegar, or in a salad.

I always infuse an onion with the beetroot stock and add a teaspoon



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## MOTORING

# Big-time for the miniatures

by GORDON WILKINS

SIR LEONARD LORD'S RECENT revelation that the B.M.C. is preparing to build new low-priced small cars heralds an era of intense international competition in the baby car market which will bring many tempting offerings for small-car buyers. The British Motor Corporation's new baby has a four-cylinder 850 c.c. engine mounted transversely at the front driving the front wheels and has all-independent suspension. It gives seating space comparable with the Morris Minor in a much smaller package and the price will be well below that of any existing B.M.C. model. Although the B.M.C. insisted on keeping it secret until the end of August, thousands of holiday makers leaving Britain have been able to examine export models parked at the ports.

The new baby will be competing with models from other manufacturers who are meeting the challenge of high taxes and crowded roads by producing more compact cars, and from manufacturers of minicars who are turning to more practical vehicles of higher performance to keep their place in the market. Sir Leonard Lord's insistence that the baby car must be able to hold its own in the traffic stream is vital if the traffic is to keep moving at all. In France, where there are double white lines on hills, long lines of vehicles are now reduced to a bottom gear crawl behind overloaded and underpowered baby cars doing about 15 m.p.h. In fact, the performance of the B.M.C. baby is going to jolt some of our Continental competitors.

Lord Rootes has several times denied any intention of building a

car smaller than the Hillman Husky, but has none the less been experimenting with small rear-engined cars, although there are no plans yet for early production. The more immediate interest lies in Ford's reaction to the B.M.C. challenge. The new B.M.C. baby seems likely to rob the elderly Ford Popular (a twenty-year-old design) of its distinction of being the lowest-priced four-seater family car on the British market. Ford have long been experimenting with a rear-engined baby car to replace the Popular and with overhead valve engines for the Anglia. Will the B.M.C.'s move accelerate their plans?

In Germany, the move away from underpowered miniatures is now well established. Lloyd, who started with front-drive minicars powered by two-cylinder two-stroke engines of 300 and 400 c.c. and then progressed to four-stroke models of 600 c.c., have just announced a new 75 m.p.h. 897 c.c. four-cylinder model with four full-sized seats. Production will begin in the autumn at a price not far above that of the Volkswagen. This takes Lloyd out of the miniature class for the first time. The flat-four water-cooled engine is a new departure for them. Announced output is 30 h.p. and the four-speed gearbox has synchromesh on all gears.

Goggomobil, who also built their success on low-powered minicars, are now building a front-engined four-seater, the T 700, of 688 c.c., capable of about 70 m.p.h., and there are quite a lot on the road in Germany. It has a flat twin air-cooled engine giving 30 h.p. from 688 c.c. Prototypes had front wheel drive but on production models the engine drives the rear wheels. B.M.W. have announced a sports coupé version of their 600 with rear-mounted flat-twin engine enlarged to 700 c.c., giving it a maximum speed of about 75 m.p.h. Unlike the front-entrance 600, the 700 coupé is of orthodox shape, styled by Michelotti. With this, the N.S.U. sport Prinz coupé, the Frua Lloyd Alexander, plus the Triumph Herald coupé, Austin Healey Sprite, the Berkeley and Turner, the DB Panhard from France and the Osca, Abarth Fiats, Stanguellinis and Nardi Fiats from Italy, the buyer of miniature sports cars below 1,000 c.c. has plenty to choose from. The Auto-Union-Mercedes combine have been a long time bringing the front-drive four-seater DKW Junior into production. Since the prototypes were first exhibited the size of the three-cylinder two-stroke engine has been increased from 660 to 741 c.c.

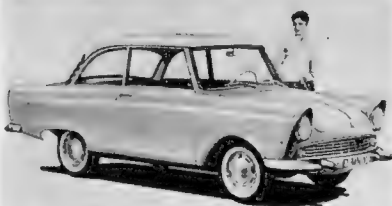
Speculation continues about new Volkswagens but plans for new models have repeatedly been shelved, as demand for the existing

model continues to rise. It is believed that they have developed new prototypes with engines of 900 and 1,300 c.c. and could introduce either or both according to their estimates of market prospects when the time comes. The larger model is a four-door saloon style by Ghia. However, informed sources do not expect a major change at Volkswagen for two years at least.

In Italy, an attempt has recently been made to bring the Fiat 500 into line with the new international trend by increasing the power and modifying the roof line so that four people can sit in it, and N.S.U. are building a more stylish version of it in Germany. The makers of the Lambretta scooter had plans for a small car using Goggomobil mechanical parts with a Ghia-designed body looking rather like the Austin A40, but later they began negotiating with the B.M.C. and it seems that they have now decided to assemble the B.M.C. baby in Italy.

In France, the announcement of a small van and bus with Dauphine engine at the front, driving the front wheels, has revived rumours of a front-drive baby car which would replace the ageing 4 CV Renault, but the manufacturers do not admit to any such intentions. It is, however, fairly certain that Citroën are looking at ideas for a better looking and more powerful successor to the 2 CV which might appear in one or two years' time. In Holland, production of the revolutionary DAF, smallest car with fully automatic drive, has now begun.

And don't let us forget the Russians, who may enter European car markets through new trade agreements. Poor performance, indifferent finish and high prices are reasons why European dealers have been reluctant to handle Russian cars but they may look more favourably on the new Communard baby car. After experimenting with futuristic bubble cars, designers of the Communard have simply adopted the best features of two Western best sellers, the Volkswagen and the Fiat 600. Front suspension is the Porsche type, used on the Volkswagen, with trailing arms and torsion bars. The rear-mounted flat four air-cooled engine looks exactly like a Volkswagen, but is smaller—only 750 c.c.—and on low-grade fuel, for which it was designed, it develops 25 horsepower. Rear suspension seems to be a close copy of that on the Fiat, with a coil spring and single wishbone at each side, set at an angle to the drive shaft. The wheelbase is 10 in. longer than on the Fiat and a flat roof line gives better rear seat headroom, but the car is a lot heavier (1,350 lb.) and has 3½ h.p. less, so will not be so lively.



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*Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him*



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